HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1888.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
New York, November 24, 1888.

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POWER AND RESPONSIBILITY.

THE Republican party returns to power with great opportunities and great advantages. The impulse and character of the present organization are very different from those of the party of Lincoln, Seward, and Sumner. But it retains something of its old membership, its great traditions are unforgotten, and the events of 1884 have perhaps taught it the responsibility of power. It has learned that there are limits which a party to which intelligent and independent men are attached cannot safely pass, and that a party responsible for the public situation described in Senator Hoar's speech at the Belknap impeachment cannot escape defeat because of former noble achievements. Unless its old spirit is utterly extinct it will perceive that the causes which compassed its defeat in 1884 are entirely capable of defeating it again. Its great advantage is the entire possession of the government. The executive and both branches of the legislative power are now under its control. With this complete authority comes an equal obligation. In a certain sense the party can do what it chooses to do. The party organization and machinery are superior to any ever known. This, however, is one of its greatest dangers also, as was proved in 1884. But they may be turned to good service if the better impulse and conviction of the party should prevail. The mischief of a divided government has been seen during the present administration, when the President and the Senate, the two branches which are especially associated, have been constantly at swords' points. But when both are of the same party, party and public sympathy will generally sustain the President in any just effort to maintain the constitutional executive power against the encroachment of the Senate.

Among the opportunities opened to the Republican party by the election must be counted that of wise action upon the surplus. The campaign which has restored it to power has revealed the existence of an unexpectedly powerful and intelligent demand for a reasonable revision of the tariff. The time was short for the discussion of questions new in their details to the public mind, but the popular instruction accomplished was very great. Even with the bold and of course false assertion that Mr. Cleveland's election meant free-trade, pauper wages, and industrial ruin, there was no popular panic, and the result at the polls showed an intelligent comprehension of the question, which will surely demand revision with an increasing earnestness that cannot be disregarded. To the great mass of wage-workers the talk about a war tariff and unjust taxation may be academic and in the air. But the fact that the proprietors of great protected interests profit by the present tariff in a way which the worker does not proportionately share, and that the Western farmer receives foreign free-trade prices for his products and pays high protection prices for the necessaries of life, is a fact which, when perceived, may lead the agricultural interest to take the shortest road to redress. That this is already understood by intelligent Republicans is shown by the expression of party leaders since the election that the tariff must be reduced, and it encourages the hope that an extreme protectionist may not be placed at the head of the Treasury. Another great opportunity is that of dissolving the solid South by showing that Republicanism is not unmindful of the unprecedented and difficult political problem which is encountered in the Southern States, and for which there can be no peremptory solution; and another great opportunity is that of establishing securely reform in the civil service—a subject which is treated elsewhere in these columns. No pride of opinion will withhold any honest reformer who opposed the Republican party at the election from the frankest and fullest acknowledgment of such a Republican achievement. One of the great advantages which the new administration will enjoy will be the ablest independent criticism which has ever attended an American administration. The contemptuous gibes and sneers about mugwumps are natural, and amuse none more than mugwumps themselves. The power of the independent voter at the polls was undoubtedly largely overcome by the unprecedented trading of votes and buying of voters. But the fact remains, and is not doubted by any sensible observer, that not only is there a political independence hitherto unknown in our politics, but that it finds expression in some of the chief and ablest newspapers in the country.

In one part of the Union, and that not the least intelligent part, in New England alone, there are three such journals—the Boston *Herald*, the Providence *Journal*, and the Springfield *Republican*. They are types of papers which discuss public questions with an ability not less than that with which they are discussed in Congress, and with an independence which is wholly unknown in Congress, and they represent the feeling of a great independent New England constituency which is of Republican antecedents. This press will watch the administration, not with party jealousy and rancor and unfairness, misrepresenting and insinuating and concealing, in the customary manner of party journalism, but in a fair, frank, and candid spirit, allowing for the difficulties of all administrations, doing justice to good endeavor, and heartily commending good achievements, but honestly upholding the standard of conduct according to the sound principles which that press believes to be the basis of the true American policy. The consciousness that its action will be so observed and judged will be unquestionably an advantage which the new administration will desire to improve, because it knows the general intelligence and independence of Republican sentiment, however they may be overborne by mercenary and degrading party management. The wiser Republican leaders know that their victory is not due by any means solely to approval of a high tariff, but in large part to distrust among excellent citizens of the leadership of a party which is strong only in that part of the country by which they do not think it best for the country to be led. In what degree the new administration will be able to free itself from the party management to which its recent success is so largely attributed remains to be seen. No administration, of course, will wish to be independent of its party. But its success or failure will depend upon what it accepts as the representative view and spirit of its party. The demand of a Republican Representative, for instance, or of a County Committee, to control the Post-office patronage in a district cannot be assumed to be the party desire, nor a course best for the party, merely because the demand is made by Republicans. An administration may fail by yielding to the lower sentiment of its party, but never by relying upon the higher. The selection of the cabinet and the first acts of the new administration will forecast its probable character and tendency.

THE NEW PRESIDENT AND THE CIVIL SERVICE.

THE *Tribune* in discussing the probable course of the new President in regard to the civil service says that many changes ought to be made, especially in the postal service, to restore it to its old efficiency. There has been undoubtedly great complaint of this service in many quarters, and so far as it was justified by actual inefficiency, the first requirement of reform is change. It is to facilitate change for such reasons that the friends of reform have always opposed arbitrary restraints upon the power of removal. But no abuse is easier than the allegation of inefficiency as a pretext for political removal, and to demand or justify a general change in the postal service under a comprehensive cry of inefficiency would be to substitute a very shallow hypocrisy for honest dealing. Such a course would be most properly denounced as the sham and humbug which the Republican press has constantly charged upon the present administration. The *Tribune* says truly, and it merely repeats what independent journals have said for a long time, that the extensive changes made by the Democratic administration "will be used as the justification of sweeping changes" by its Republican successor. This was the view of the National Reform League, which said in its resolutions in the summer of 1887 that it regarded the action of the administration "as tending to confirm the system of abuses which the League seeks to reform, and as furnishing a mischievous precedent for succeeding administrations."

The *Tribune* says with equal truth that if the new administration should yield to the pressure for such a sweep, civil service reform would be greatly retarded. But when it proceeds to say that it expects "in any event to see the Democratic and so-called independent press in full cry after President Harrison in a few months, charging him with making wholesale removals on the old-fashioned plan," it is, so far as the independent press is concerned, profoundly mistaken. Undoubtedly Democratic organs which do not approve a desire for reform will sneer at the Republican administration so far as it violates the party pledges upon this subject. Democratic papers like the New York *Sun* and Louisville *Courier-Journal*, which frankly despise reform, will consistently applaud a clean sweep by the new administration. But the only wholesale removals or removals of any kind which in our opinion will be denounced by the independent press are political removals under whatever pretext they may be made. That press has unequivocally condemned the Cleveland administration so far as it has yielded to that pressure, and we presume it will undoubtedly take the same course toward the Harrison administration should it also yield.

The prominence of Mr. Quay in Republican councils, and the general Republican disposition to attribute the success of the election to Mr. Quay's skilful management, instead of popular approval of Republican principles and policy, is certainly not a good augury. The remarks of Mr. Blaine in his congratulatory speech at Augusta, depreciating the importance of "the spoils" as an element in elections, and the political reputation of the new leaders of the party beside Mr. Quay, such as Messrs. Dudley, New, Platt, and others, who hold with the *Courier-Journal* that practical politics means an absolutely partisan civil service, disciplined and driven like gangs of slaves, to work and "bleed" for the party—all these are not reassuring signs of reform. But although such advisers would undoubtedly favor a course which every honest friend of reform would justly condemn, such friends in the independent press, or wherever they may be, will certainly not condemn until the course is taken. Many of them opposed General Harrison's election, but as President he may be sure of receiving from them what Mr. Cleveland has never received from his Republican opponents—fair play and honest merited commendation. We recall but two positively Republican journals, the Philadelphia *Ledger* and *Telegraph*, which during the campaign and during the term of the administration have treated President Cleveland with the simple justice which is the fair due of every President, but which as a rule party spirit always refuses to an opponent. The *Tribune* says, finally and truly, "It will take a strong hand to hold the balance between the changes demanded by reform and the changes demanded by hunger for office." It believes that the new President has such a hand. If he has, no force in the country will uphold it more firmly than the independent press.

MONEY IN ELECTIONS.

THERE is one aspect of the late election which is in no sense partisan, but which is of vital importance, and cannot be safely disregarded. The enormous sums of money which were spent, of which no account whatever is required or given, but which were perfectly well known to be bribery and corruption funds, represent a danger to republican institutions which is none the less alarming because it is dismissed as a joke and a matter of course. One of the most significant and essentially startling incidents in our political history was the dinner given in New York to Mr. Dorsey after the election of 1880, at which he was a highly honored guest. His chief title to honor among honest citizens was stated by the gentleman who had been elected Vice-President of the United States to have been carrying Indiana for his party by the liberal use of "soap." This announcement that the electoral vote of a State had been bought was received with laughter and applause by members of a party which had been highly indignant at the revelations of the cipher despatches four years before, which were held to show an attempt of a Presidential candidate's managers to buy electoral votes.

That enormous sums of money were raised for the late campaign is undeniable. That they were put to honest use, nobody believes. A notice of Mr. W. H. Barnum, of Connecticut, chairman of the Democratic Committee in 1876, and one of the most active managers of this year's campaign, says that he paid "an assessment" of $15,000 to the campaign fund of 1872 to help carry Pennsylvania for Mr. Greeley, and that Mr. Tilden gave $55,000 to the fund of 1880 on condition that Mr. Barnum remained at the head of the committee. In the late campaign Mr. Foster's Republican "fat-frying" circular, and the letter of Mr. Dudley, treasurer of the Republican National

Committee, detailing a scheme for the use of money at the election in Indiana, where, as Mr. Lucius B. Swift says, there are about 25,000 "floaters," or corruptible voters, are the most flagrant illustrations of the venal side of elections. "I have no certain information," said Mr. Swift, in an interview just before the late election, "but to the best of my knowledge $250,000 will be spent by each party" for buying votes in Indiana. The money spent for a general election amounts to some millions of dollars. Part of it, of course, is devoted to necessary and fair expenses, but the great mass of it is used for buying voters. We repeat that no accounting for this vast sum is ever made by the great parties. The only important account of the use of such money was that made by the Independent Committee in 1884.

Now if one of the chief dangers of the suppression of the colored vote in some parts of the Southern States is the doubt that it throws upon the result, which in a close election might easily lead to civil convulsion, the peril is not less in the known purchase of a decisive vote. It was for the reason that it was supposed the vote of Indiana might turn the scale this year that the money was thrown into that State, and Dudley issued his directions. If Mr. Swift's statement be reasonably correct, the result in Indiana shows nothing about protection, or party sympathy, or preference of candidates, but simply that the "floaters" were bribed to vote the Republican ticket, as next time they might be bought to vote against it. This is a state of things to which decent and honorable Americans ought not to submit, and the first practicable step toward a remedy is the passage and enforcement of such a ballot law as Governor Hill vetoed, and Mr. Warner Miller advocated upon the stump. The Plaquemine frauds were child's play compared with the systematized corruption of our present elections, and one of the disasters of the late campaign is the election for three years in New York of a Governor who will undoubtedly baffle any radical and effective measure for providing a really secret ballot, and for the public payment of the chief legitimate expenses of elections.

A NEW QUESTION.

A series of articles upon forestry, in the *Garden and Forest*—a weekly paper which fully justifies the high expectations with which it was greeted—is one of the most valuable and interesting of late contributions to public information. The articles are written by Mr. Abbot Kenney, president of the California Forestry Commission, and no State is more vitally interested in the question of forest treatment and preservation. Mr. Kenney begins by stating the annual value of forest or wood products, and the figures are astonishing. "The varnish of the artist, the rubber, the gums, the resins of commerce, the barks of the tanner, the corks of the vintner, the handles of our tools, hoes, ploughs, etc., our dye-stuffs, our wagons, the ties and cars of our railroads, fences and telegraph poles, furniture, wharves, boats, ships, and in America even the houses in which we live, are largely the product of the forest." The manufacture of matches consumes great quantities of lumber. Charcoal and fuel draw upon the forest; coal itself is but fossilized wood. Nuts, fruits, and medicines also are gifts of the trees. Yet it is none the less surprising to learn that in 1880 the estimated value of our forest products was $800,000,000. This is nearly double that of wheat, more than ten times that of gold and silver, and forty times that of iron ore.

But Mr. Kenney states that the consumption and destruction of the forest so far outruns its reproductive capacity that at the present rate the forests will soon disappear, and this enormous product will end. Forest fires destroy and lumbermen waste millions of dollars in forest values every year, and these extensive fires destroy the best part of the soil, for it is now amply demonstrated that this is the effect of "burning over" land. In California the noble sugar-pine is fast vanishing, and the tan-bark men ruthlessly destroy great numbers of trees. Forests are seriously injured by sheep and goats driven into them for pasturage. They kill young trees, and pack the soil so that it will not hold moisture. Shepherds fire the forest to open the country, and destroy in one season more than the value of all the sheep and goats that will ever graze on the scant mountain pasture.

Such facts serve to explain the care of the forests in other and older countries. Every important state in Europe has its forestry department, which yields a net revenue. Saxony gets a revenue of $325 from each acre of forest, and Alsace-Lorraine about as much. British India, although the system there is new, gets a net revenue from forest lands of more than a million of dollars. Instruction in forestry is given in forest schools, and in Austria, Italy, and France there is considerable forest planting. This serves to reclaim desolate tracts, to regulate the flow of streams and prevent destructive torrents, and to save the springs and supplies of rivers. The pine plantations on the southwestern coast of France to reclaim the Landes have become remunerative. They have prevented the advance of the sand which destroyed the soil, and reclaimed tracts are now rented, with certain privileges of cutting and tapping trees, at the rate of about $70 per acre. From such statements the interest and value of Mr. Kenney's paper may be inferred. They are of immediate concern to his own State of California, for, as *Garden and Forest* says, the very existence of the State is dependent upon the forests which cover the mountains. Thirty years ago the redwood belt of California contained by far the most valuable body of soft timber in the world. But it is doomed by the manner in which it has been treated, and nothing can now save its forests from extermination. New York, it is to be hoped, has been warned in time, and the destruction of the Adirondack forests may be averted. But the question is not a sentimental one, and the proper care of the forests is now one of the chief concerns of the State.

INTERESTING TALK OF MR. GLADSTONE.

The *World* prints an interesting interview with Mr. Gladstone by Mr. T. P. O'Connor. It took place at Hawarden, and walking about the grounds with his guest Mr. Gladstone spoke pleasantly of some of his conspicuous contemporaries and of himself. He is, according to Mr. O'Connor, of "a physique wiry rather than broad or strong," and his face of singular sweetness and variety of subtle expression. Yet Mr. O'Connor thinks that his Parliamentary adroitness is not cunning, but simple ability, and that his diplomacy is that of frankness and simplicity.

O'Connell Mr. Gladstone regards as the greatest demagogue, in the good sense of leader of men, that ever lived; greater than Rienzi, and greater even than Savonarola. Of his three forms of activity he was greatest at the bar, next best on the platform, and weakest in Parliament. His worst speeches were those which were most carefully prepared, his best those which were spontaneous. Mr. Gladstone expressed his great admiration of Irish qualities, and dilated upon the beauty of Irish women. That led to the topic of heredity, and that, by an easy side path, to the House of Lords, a question which must follow the Irish question, which will be settled, he said, "when I am politically dead." For half a century the influence of the House of Lords has been, he thinks, purely mischievous.

Mr. Gladstone spoke of Disraeli with kindliness, and said that his greatest speeches were those in opposition to Peel, quoting, with a certain imitation, from the speech against the Maynooth grant. He saw Disraeli first in 1835, at a dinner at Lord Lyndhurst's, and was struck by his fanciful dress. He thought at that time that Disraeli and Pitt were the most picturesque political figures in English history. But later he withdrew the exception, leaving the distinction exclusively to Disraeli. Mr. Gladstone regards Disraeli's conduct on the Jewish question as the noblest episode in his public life. It angered the Tories, but his command over them, nevertheless, was complete. In speaking of his health, Mr. Gladstone said that neither his sight nor his hearing was as good as formerly, but that he could not complain. Politics was his only anxiety. "They are running the septennial act against my life," he said, alluding to the Tory policy in striving to prolong the present Parliament to its utmost limit. But his old coachman said, warmly, that he hoped to live to drive his master to the House of Commons as Prime-Minister for the fourth time.

GENERAL BUTLER ON YELLOW-FEVER.

A paper by General Butler in the *North American Review* is valuable as containing his testimony in regard to the prevention of yellow-fever—a subject on which he had experience at New Orleans. When he was in command there in 1862 the city was threatened with an epidemic of the fever, and as it was peculiarly dirty, his soldiers and their cause were exposed to great danger. The General took the most vigorous measures, establishing an impassable quarantine on the river below the city, and then employing eleven hundred men to cleanse the city. The work was done with military precision and severity, including the requirement of co-operation on the part of the citizens in the disposition of garbage and the care of their premises.

The result was that the pestilence was held fast at the quarantine, and only one case of fever occurred in the city, and that of a man who had slipped through the sanitary cordon. So effective was the precaution that in October, 1862, General Butler reported to the government that the rate of mortality was smaller in New Orleans than in any other city of the Union. Two years later in Norfolk, Virginia, he enforced the same system, and with similar results. The men sentenced to labor by the courts-martial he employed in cleaning the town, and they carried away three thousand loads of refuse every week. The work was as thorough and as effective as in New Orleans.

These instances seem to prove that the yellow-fever can be avoided by timely and thorough care. To labor is to pray, said the old Latin maxim, and the sincerity of prayer against pestilence is best shown by unsparing and intelligent diligence in observing the simple laws of health. The Butler tradition in New Orleans may not be popular or agreeable in that city, but the value of the lesson he taught in this matter will not be denied by any sensible citizen.

OBEYING ORDERS.

The recent death of Mr. Baer upon the elevated railway in New York was a tragical event which should be carefully investigated. He sprang upon the ledge of the car platform as the gate was closed and the train moved off. Unable to jump back, he implored the guard to open the gate, which the guard refused to do. There are two reports of what followed: one, that the guard pushed him off; the other, that he was swept from his foot-hold by some obstruction. But whatever the cause, he fell, was rolled along between the train and the platform, and was so mangled and killed.

No more grievous accident has occurred since the opening of the elevated roads. The explanation offered is that the rules of the company forbid the opening of the gates after the train has started, and that the guard was merely obeying instructions. But such a catastrophe cannot be so explained or excused. If the guard refused, under the circumstances as stated, to open the gate, he was the direct agent of the calamity. If he pushed the man off, his responsibility is all the greater. The maxim "Obey orders if you break owners" can be easily pushed to an unreasonable point. In this instance it led to manslaughter.

If the guard had opened the gate, and so saved the life of the passenger, his removal or rebuke by the company for disobeying orders would have extorted an expression of public indignation which would have been heeded; and having seen the consequences of a formal adhesion to a rule which by the very nature of the object sought should be intrusted to the common-sense of the guard, the authorities of the railway will be greatly to blame if they allow it to be understood by guards that under no circumstances are the gates to be opened after the train has begun to move. Such rigid regulations are impracticable. It is useless to say that in no other way can rash exposure of life be prevented, for it did not prevent it in this instance. If a similar result should follow from a similar inflexible observance of the rule, the public would certainly interfere.

MR. HOWELLS AND THE ANARCHIST MEETING.

On the 12th of November the New York *Tribune* published a "special" despatch from Boston, dated November 11th, with the head-line, "A Letter from W. D. Howells," describing an anarchist memorial meeting held on that evening. The despatch occupied nine lines, and three of them were as follows: "A letter of sympathy was read from W. D. Howells, who briefly reiterated his well-known views that the execution of Spies and his companions was an outrage."

The facts are these. The committee of arrangements invited Mr. Howells and the Rev. Phillips Brooks and the Rev. Dr. Miner to attend the meeting, and they all acknowledged the invitation, and sent brief letters of declination. The letter of Mr. Howells is printed in the Boston *Transcript* as follows:

"New York, *November* 3, 1888.

"My dear Sir,—Your letter of the 29th of October has just reached me here, after following me to Nahant and back. I am obliged to you for the invitation it conveys, and I beg you to make my acknowledgments to your committee of arrangements. I am not a public speaker, and what I had to say of the tragedy of November 11th I said in my letter printed in the New York *Tribune* last year, while there was still hope of saving the victims' lives. Yours very truly, W. D. Howells.

"Victor Yarrows, Esq., *Secretary*."

This letter was a polite declination, and nothing more. To represent it as a letter of sympathy with the views and purposes and methods of anarchists is an unpardonable wrong upon a man who has never entertained or expressed in any manner whatever sympathy with anarchist opinions or approval of any form of disorder. Last year, at the time of the execution, he felt it to be his duty, which he discharged like an honest man, although at great cost of misunderstanding, to say that he thought the anarchists had been unfairly tried for murder instead of conspiracy, and were about to be punished, "because of their frantic opinions, for a crime which they were not shown to have committed." This view was perfectly compatible with abhorrence of those opinions, and every honorable man perceives the distinction.

PERSONAL.

During the past campaign General Harrison has gathered quite a museum of relics and trinkets that have been given him. Among them is an interesting collection of about fifty canes. One of these, presented by a Grand Army comrade at Sharon, Pennsylvania, is made of 10,500 pieces of wood of thirty-eight varieties, none of the pieces being larger than the head of an ordinary nail. There are also many miniature log cabins, while the relics of the campaign of 1840 are innumerable.

—Colonel Daniel Lamont, the President's private secretary, is going into the insurance business in this city. Mr. D. L. Alexander, who is expected to be President Harrison's secretary, is a native of Maine, a graduate of Bowdoin College, and a lawyer and newspaper man. He was Fifth Auditor of the Treasury Department under Garfield and Arthur, but resigned when Cleveland came in.

—The father-in-law of General Harrison, Rev. Dr. William H. Scott, is a clerk in the Pension Office at Washington.

—A grewsome character, the Abbé Crozes, for many years chaplain of the prison of La Roquette, Paris, and the attendant of over fifty-one murderers at the guillotine, has just died at an advanced age.

—Mr. Silas Allen, the oldest graduate of Harvard College, and a classmate of George Bancroft, the historian, has just died at Medfield, Massachusetts.

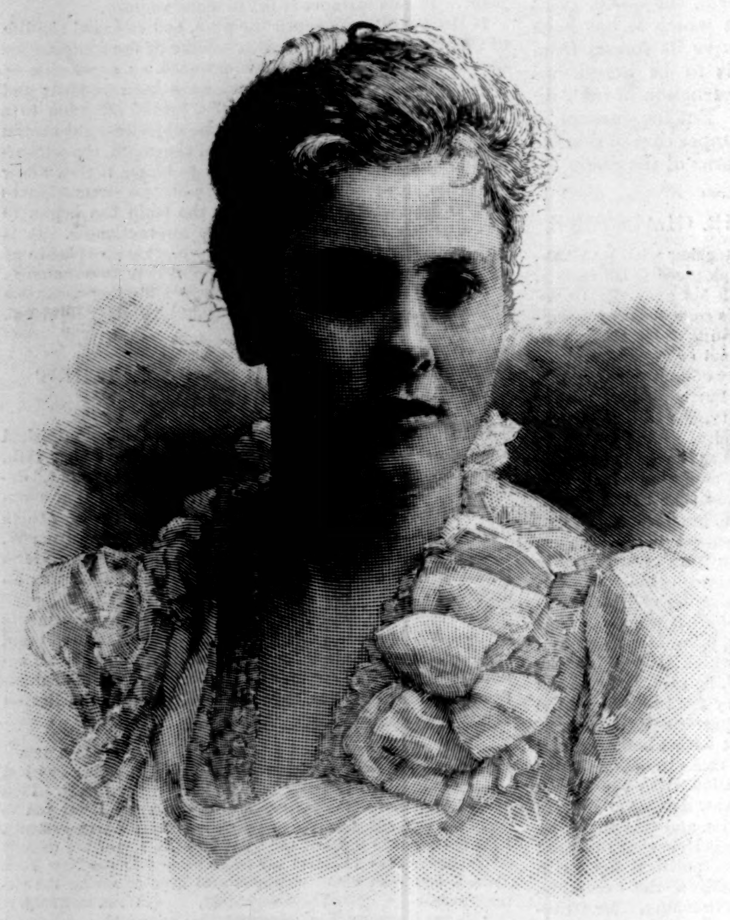
—The old oak-framed house in which Commodore Perry, then a young lieutenant, won his bride, a Miss Wilson, and afterward lived, still stands on Thames Street at Newport, Rhode Island. It is more than a hundred years old.

—The first few months of Dr. Patton's administration as President of Princeton College has borne rich financial fruit. Money gifts aggregating $80,000 have been received, Mrs. Susan D. Brown, of Princeton, donating $50,000 for a new dormitory.

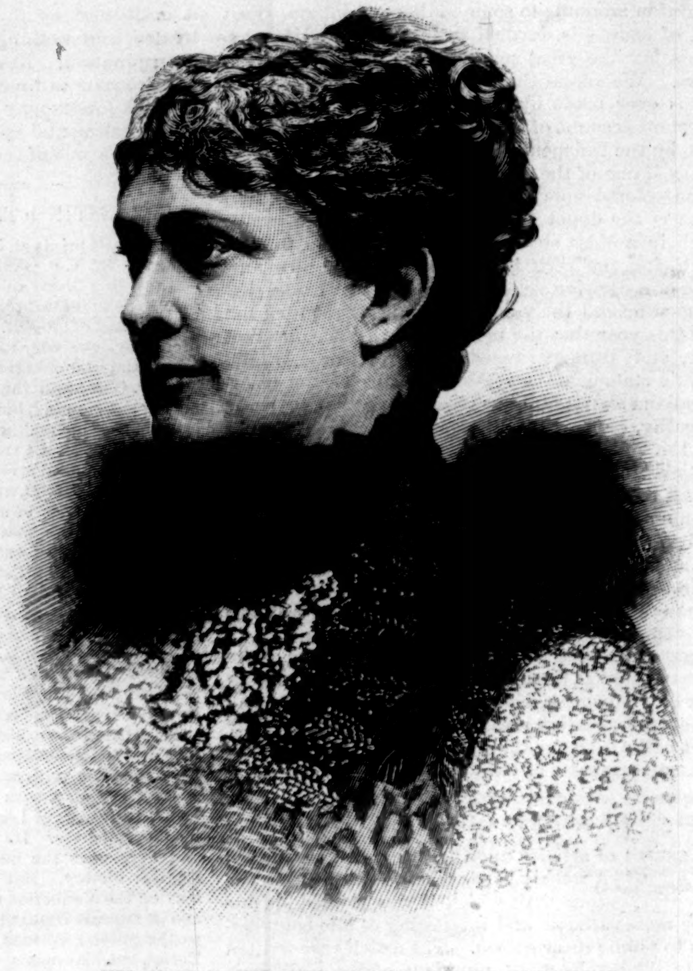
—Among the most ridiculous of election bets was that made four years ago by John Shaw, of Shamokin, Pennsylvania, that he would never wear a coat again till a Republican President was elected. He was carried to the polls wrapped in blankets at the last election, and died the next day.

—While the Grant monument scheme in this city languishes, it is worth while to notice that the Japanese are preparing to erect a memorial to the great American General at Tokio.

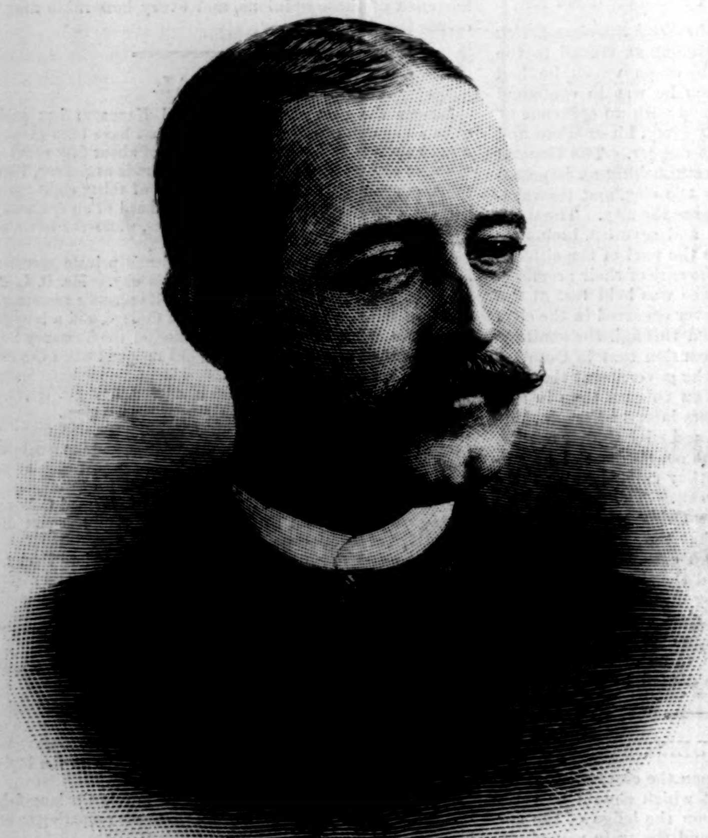
—The contest over T. G. Clemson's will, leaving John C. Calhoun's homestead to trustees for the establishment of an agricultural college, promises to raise a political issue in South Carolina. Miss Isabella Lee, daughter of a New York broker, granddaughter of Clemson, and great-granddaughter of Calhoun, has brought suit to have the will set aside, and is opposed by the Farmers' Alliance, who want the property. Other citizens, who do not care to have the State appropriate $100,000 to meet the requirements of the will, hope Miss Lee will win,



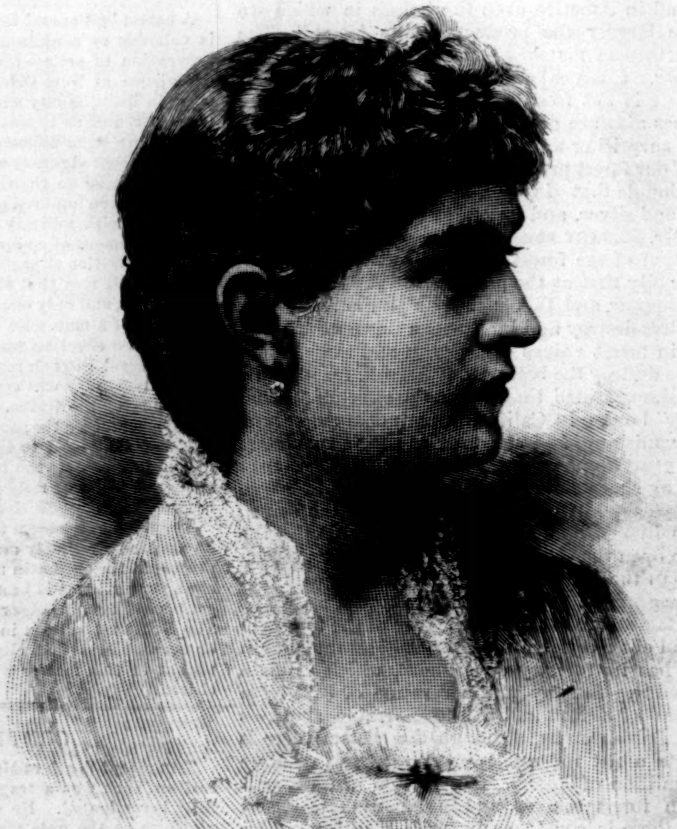
MRS. CHAMBERLAIN (*NÉE* MISS ENDICOTT).—From a Photograph by Jordan, Washington.
[See Page 891.]



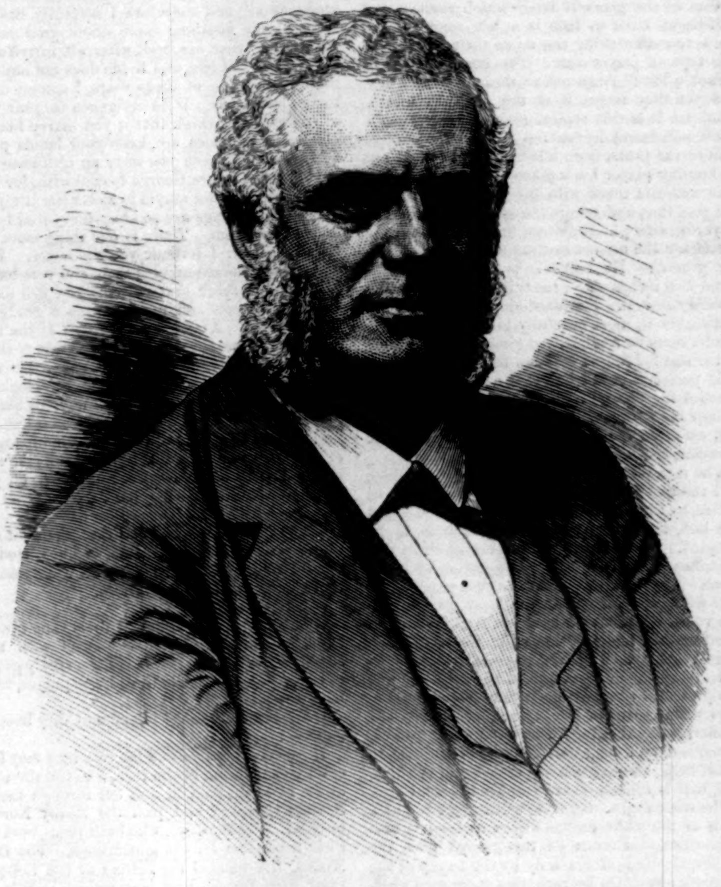
MRS. MORTON, THE WIFE OF THE VICE-PRESIDENT-ELECT.
[See Page 891.]



RUSSELL B. HARRISON, THE SON OF THE PRESIDENT-ELECT.—From a Photograph by Sarony.—[See Page 891.]



MRS. McKEE, THE DAUGHTER OF THE PRESIDENT-ELECT.—From a Photograph by Potter, Indianapolis.—[See Page 891.]



THE LATE FREDERIC A. POTTS.—[See Page 891.]

THE LAST STEAM-SHIP COLLISION.

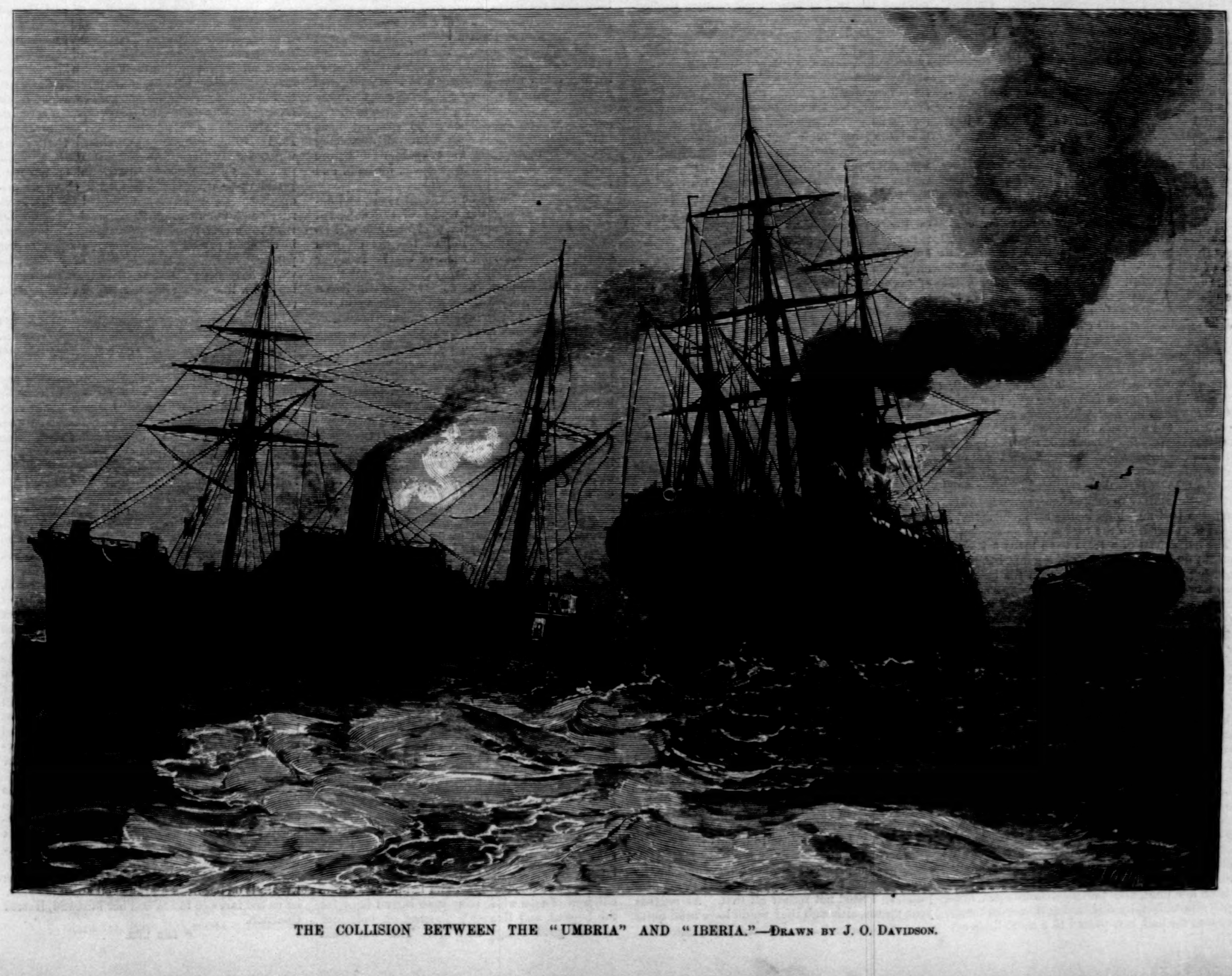
The remarkable good fortune of the Cunard Line in its exemption from the loss of life by accident was again illustrated in the collision between the *Umbria* and the French freight steamer *Iberia*, on Saturday, the 10th inst. The facts of the case were briefly these: The *Umbria* started from her dock at 10.45 A.M., and made the passage down the bay safely through the gathering fog, though just after passing the Narrows she had barely escaped running into the French Liner *Normandie*, which was in advance, and also outward bound. The fog thickened rapidly after the light-ship had been passed, and Captain **McMickan** rang the bell to reduce speed. The engines had been slowed only a few minutes when suddenly the *Umbria's* lookout descried another steamer dead ahead, almost square across the *Umbria's* bows. The captain instantly ordered the engines reversed at full speed, but it was too late to prevent a collision. The *Umbria's* momentum was carrying her forward at the rate of nearly fifteen knots an hour, and she struck the stranger on the port quarter, cutting almost square across the quarter-deck, cleaving the stern of the ship entirely off from the rest of the hull. This portion floated away to starboard, in full view of the *Umbria's* passengers, and sank, while to port the injured steamer, saved by her bulkheads, continued afloat, and was lost to sight in the fog for a time. She proved to be the *Iberia*, of the Fabre Line, and she had at the time of the collision been slowly making her way into port after a long voyage from the Orient. Had her bulkhead given way, the vessel would undoubtedly have foundered like a shot, carrying down all on board. The *Umbria's* fog-horn was blowing as the two ships came together, and so was the *Iberia's*, but the shock was so slight that not a soul on the ship moved until the iron prow of the *Umbria* was ploughing its way through the other ship. The result of the official inquiry into the causes of the collision is not yet made known, but it is pretty certain that the Cunard Company will be sued for the loss of the vessel, which was built at Leith in 1881, registered about 1400 tons, and was valued at $125,000. The *Umbria* suffered but slight injuries, which, on her return to port, were speedily repaired, and she put off to sea again, with almost all her passengers. It seems to be well established that the utmost care, *consistent with speed*, was shown in the navigation of the *Umbria*, and absolute discipline maintained in the presence of dangers which, with the slightest panic, might have been attended with fatal consequences. It is appalling to think that had the *Umbria*, crowded as she was with passengers, met the *Iberia* a few seconds sooner, she would have just got far enough across the *Iberia's* bows to get cut open herself.

The disaster has renewed the discussion among seafaring men as to the advantages of fast steamers. The partial knowledge of the subject possessed by landsmen disposes them to look upon slow steamers as the safest, and the tortoise and the hare again start out to adorn the debate. Ingenuity has thus far been unable to devise methods for lessening the dangers of ocean navigation, and although there has been much talk about an international code of signalling adequate to all emergencies, fog included, nothing has yet been done in the desired direction. The difficulty to be mastered is no ordinary one, for in a heavy fog signals by sound are found unreliable, as the ear is incapable, in many instances, of deciding the direction of the sound. The commanders of the principal steamers on the Atlantic are almost unanimously in favor of fast ships, and in fact the whole question, "Are fast or slow steamers the safest?" resolves itself into a question of fogs, for, due vigilance being always exercised by the captain and his officers, that is where the real danger lies. We hear of vessels such as the *City of Brussels* being run down when stopped or at anchor, and we hear of other cases where serious calamity has been avoided simply and solely by reason of the high speed of the vessels meeting. A fog is the most treacherous, unaccountable, and dreaded of all the sailor's enemies.

It was Captain **McMickan** who, in an interview with several steam-ship captains, reported in the June number of the *North American Review*, spoke as follows, when questioned on the subject of fast ships: "I am of opinion that the fast steamer is the safest. Wherever there is danger, the sooner you are out of it the better. By exercising care in foggy weather, and slowing down to a moderate speed, you have the same degree of safety as a slow ship, and a great advantage over her when it clears. On the other hand, we are more exposed, making two passages for a slow ship's one. But taking the two making the same voyage, the fast ship has decidedly the advantage." It was on the same occasion that Captain **Frangeul**, of the French Line steamer *La Bourgogne*, gave it as his opinion that "while extremely fast ships lessen the duration of dangers, they augment the number of dangers."

Captains of fast steamships, when they wish to show that it is better to go full speed in an ordinary fog, generally argue somewhat as follows: "If," say they, "you slow down the moment fog comes on, the steam roars out of the escape pipes with such a noise that for some time you are in absolute danger, not being able to see or hear anything; if you reduce the steam gradually, you take power off your ship and pressure off your whistle, and if you suddenly hear some sound ahead, you can only turn to the right or left slowly, or stop altogether, letting the other ship take her chances of clearing you. Again, you cannot reverse full speed, as your steam is too low to move the engines quickly. Now, going full speed, all is as still and as quiet as the grave. Ears and good lookouts are ready for the least sound. The moment you hear a sound, up helm and bring the horn or whistle abaft your beam, which is comparatively a place of safety, and blow once or twice to the other steamer, indicating to him whether you have directed your own ship to port or starboard."

It is perfectly evident that on such an understanding the ship of great power would have the advantage in a collision. It may be a



THE COLLISION BETWEEN THE "UMBRIA" AND "IBERIA."—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.

selfish, not to say an inhuman consideration, but it is undeniably comforting to the passenger by a fast and powerful steamer to be assured that in the event of a collision his vessel is less likely to be damaged than a slow one. Of course, when we are discussing the subject of speed, we ought to settle what we are most afraid of meeting in a collision. In a collision between a slow steamer and a fast one it is plainly better to be on the fast one; but in the event of striking ice, rocks, or a sand-bank, it is equally manifest that the slow ship is preferable, and the slower the ship the better. Some risk must be accepted, whichever way we choose, for there is absolutely no certain protection against the dangers incident to fog.

As to the captains themselves, they appear to have no choice left them, even if they did not believe that, on the whole, the fast ship is the safer ship. They are instructed by the English Board of Trade regulations to go slow in a fog, but the mails are given to the steamers which make the shortest passages, be the weather fair or foul, and the risks what they may. Many passengers who cross the ocean naturally look with misgiving on the velocity of those so-called "ocean greyhounds," but they should rest assured that they are as safe as, under the inevitable conditions of the case, they can be, in a first-class, well-regulated steam-ship, should she be going fast or slow, for every precaution which skill and experience can suggest is constantly being taken on their behalf. The safety of steamers going at a great rate of speed in all weathers cannot be better demonstrated, perhaps, than by a reference to the Holyhead and Dublin mail steamers. These are among the fastest vessels in the world, making a speed of nearly twenty knots, or twenty-two and a half miles, per hour; but though they have to cross the track of all vessels bound up the Irish Sea, accidents to them are almost unheard-of.

A DAY'S FOOT-BALL PRACTICE AT YALE.

At two o'clock every afternoon during the foot-ball season two four-horse barges draw up in front of the Yale fence. These are speedily filled with players in all sorts of costumes, from the brilliant striped jersey of some Freshman down to the dingy old canvas jacket of some university player. It is only a half-hour's drive to the Yale field, and it never proves a dull journey to the foot-ball men. Arriving at the grounds, all tumble out, and divesting themselves of heavy jerseys, sweaters, and coats, the men divide. The university and second eleven occupy one of the two fields, while the Freshman team and the balance of the players take the other. Nearly two hundred spectators are present daily, and these all cluster about the university field. "Line up, university!" is the cry of Captain **Corbin**, and from among the twenty-two players come ten, who arrange themselves on his side, while the others face them. The ball is kicked off, and the work begins. And work it is of the most vigorous kind. The cries of the captain and the coach drive the men on, and neither rest nor respite is allowed. It is this relentless drive that has given Yale her remarkable record on the foot-ball field. It is a record without a parallel in college contests. Since the adoption of the Rugby game in 1876, Yale has lost but two games.

In practice the same tactics are adopted as in a regular match, except that there is usually a coach present to direct and criticise the play. The side opposing the university is called the "scrub" or college side, and most of the men are candidates for the university. There is therefore considerable rivalry, and this adds to the excitement. They are already well warmed up, and here comes one of the college side, with the ball under his arm, running at full speed. Out rings the cry of the coach, "Tackle low!—take that man low!" as one and another university rusher attempts to tackle, and the man still continues his mad rush down the field. He has passed the long line of forwards, and is making straight for the half-back. Just as he plunges by him there is the quick duck of the head and a spring forward. Down goes the runner, fast in the grip of a sure low tackle from the half, whose arms are clasped tight about the runner's thighs as they go rolling over together on the ground. While the ball is being snapped back the coach may be heard expressing far from complimentary opinions of his rushers, who by their high and poor tackling had allowed the runner to make such progress. Suddenly the ball flies high in the air from a kick, and down after it go the rushers.

The half-backs of a team have many a trying moment during the progress of a game, but none requiring cooler courage than when the ball has been kicked by the opponents and comes sailing over toward them. One of them steps up and stands motionless, his eyes fixed on the descending ball, his arms outstretched, his heel pressing the ground to make his mark. Before him sound the rapidly approaching footsteps of the opposing forwards as they come charging down, springing upon him at the very moment when the ball reaches his hands. If he hold the ball and heel it, he has made a fair catch and is entitled to a free kick; but the least flinching, the smallest wavering, will cause him to lose it, and these rushers, seizing it, will go tearing down the field to an almost certain touch-down. The man knows this well, but not a muscle moves as he stands there. As the ball settles into his arms, over he goes, thrown by the rushers, but he has heeled his catch and earned his kick, for this particular man is **Bull**, an old hand, with nerves thoroughly steadied by the experience of many a hard-fought game. He returns the ball far down the field by a long low punt, and the play continues. Presently, the university side having possessed themselves of the ball, it is passed to a short thick-set young fellow in the rusher line, who, breaking through the opponents, with his head down, goes directly at the halves. Just before he reaches them he again lowers his head, and like a human catapult shoots through or under their outstretched arms, and is away up the field and over the line, scoring a touch-down.

One of the greatest trials which rushers and half-backs have to face is a low runner. Not the severest coaching can make their tackling of this type of player sure. The continual cry of "Tackle low!" rings out at them day after day, and yet they forget it at the critical moment. **Gill** (for it is this typical rusher who has made the touch-down) leaves the ball on the ground behind the posts, from whence it is brought out by another player for a place-kick at goal. This man makes a mark with his heel as he crosses the goal line, and brings the ball out about twenty yards, where he lies down flat on his stomach, exercising the utmost caution lest the ball touch the ground. He holds it between his hands about two inches above the turf, the end pointing toward the goal. The place-kicker steps forward and sights it, most carefully glancing along the middle seam as a guide, and giving his directions to the one holding it. When he is satisfied that it is perfectly aimed he gives a signal, the ball touches the ground as he takes a step forward, swings his foot, and the leathern egg shoots out and up from the hands of the placer, over the crossbar, scoring a goal.

The men all trot back to the centre of the field, and the ball is started off again. This time we notice, by the way the players are collected about the ball, that the "wedge" formation is to be adopted. There is very little strategy about this play, but there is a strong suggestion of brute force. The man in the centre just touches the ball with his foot, and picking it up, passes it to the runner just behind him, while all his men in the forward line start ahead in the shape of a huge V of men. This has its point directed toward the opponents' goal, and inside the angle is the protected runner. For twenty yards this human wedge tears its way through, and then the runner, seeing that the formation is being broken, turns, and by a long pass sends the ball over to a half-back, who starts down the edge of the field. The ball is tucked securely under his right arm. As he comes up to the end rusher there is just a flash of the white canvas sleeve as his left arm shoots out, and down on the ground goes the rusher, brushed off like a fly by the sweep of the runner's arm. On he runs, two more men sharing the fate of the first as they attempt to tackle, but meet that protecting and crushing arm. The university quarter-back has, however, started after him, and has been steadily gaining upon him as he passed these men. At the very moment, then, that the successful runner is concentrating his whole force to get by the goal tend, with a sudden leap the quarter goes up on him from behind, and down they go in a heap.

After lining up, the college side twice tries to advance the ball by using their runners through the centre of the university line, but both times they are beaten back. Then, as a last resort, the signal is given for a drop-kick, and carefully each rusher braces himself to check the university man in front of him, and prevent him from stopping the kick. The half stands about fifteen yards back, awaiting the ball. There is a moment's pause, and then back rolls the ball from the snap-back's foot. The quarter seizes it, and turning, sends it swiftly to the half-back, who catches it cleanly, and deftly turning it so that it shall fall upon the end, drops it. As the ball strikes the ground his foot swings up to it, and away it flies, just missing the uplifted hands of the university rushers, who have plunged through the line, and leap into the air in the vain hope of reaching the ball. On it goes, just skimming over the crossbar, and great is the delight of the scrub side at having scored a goal upon the university. By this time the practice hour is nearly over, and "That 'll do!" calls out the big captain. The men run for the barges, and the day's sport is finished.

Walter Camp.

COLONEL QUARITCH, V.C.*

By H. RIDER HAGGARD,

Author of "She," "King Solomon's Mines," "Allan Quatermain," etc.

CHAPTER XLIV.

CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

The Squire turned and entered the house. He generally was fairly noisy in his movements, but on this occasion he was exceptionally so. Possibly he had a reason for it.

On reaching the vestibule he found Harold and Ida standing side by side as though they were being drilled. It was impossible to resist the conclusion that they had suddenly assumed that attitude because it happened to be the first position into which they could conveniently fall.

There was a moment's silence, and then Harold took Ida's hand and led her up to where her father was standing.

"Mr. De la Molle," he said, simply, "once more I ask you for your daughter in marriage. I am quite aware of my many disqualifications, especially those of my age and the smallness of my means; but Ida and myself hope and believe that under all the circumstances you will no longer withhold your consent," and he paused.

"Quaritch," answered the Squire, "I have already in your presence told Mr. Cossey under what circumstances I was favorably inclined to his proposal, so I need not repeat all that. As regards your means, although they would have been quite insufficient to avert the ruin which threatened us, still you have, I believe, a competence, and owing to your wonderful and most providential discovery the fear of ruin seems to have passed away. It is owing to you that that discovery, which, by-the-way, I want to hear all about, has been made; had it not been for you it never would have been made at all, and therefore I certainly have no right to say anything more about your means. As regards your age, well, after all, forty-four is not the limit of life, and if Ida does not object to marrying a man of those years, I cannot object to her doing so. With reference to your want of occupation, I think that if you marry Ida, this place will, as times are, keep your hands pretty full, especially when you have an obstinate donkey like that fellow George to deal with, for I am getting too old and stupid to look after it myself, and besides, things are so topsy-turvy that I can't understand them. There is one thing more that I want to say: I forbade you the house. Well, you are a generous-minded man, and it is human to err, and I think that perhaps you will understand my action and not bear me a grudge on that account. Also, I dare say that at the time, and possibly at other times, I said things that I should be sorry for if I could remember what they were, which I can't, and if so, I apologize to you as a gentleman should when he finds himself in the wrong. And now I say, God bless you both! and I hope you will be happy in life together; and so come here, Ida, my love, and give me a kiss. You have been a good daughter all your life, and so Quaritch may be sure that you will be a good wife too."

Ida did as she was bid, and then she went over to her lover and took his hand, and he kissed her on the forehead, and so after all their troubles they finally ratified the contract.

And we, who have followed them thus far, and have, perhaps, been a little moved with their struggles, hopes, and fears, will not surely grudge to re-echo the Squire's old-fashioned prayer, "God bless them both!"

God bless them both! Long may they live, and happily!

Long may they live, and for very long may their children's children of the race, if not of the name of De la Molle, pass in and out through the old Norman gateway and past the sturdy Norman towers! The Boisseys, who built them, here had their habitation for six generations. The De la Molles, who wedded the heiress of the Boisseys, lived here for thirteen generations. May the Quaritches, whose ancestor married Ida, heiress of the De la Molles, endure as long!

Surely it is permitted to us to lift a corner of the curtain of futurity, and to see in spirit Ida Quaritch, stately and beautiful, as we knew her, but of a happier countenance, seated on some Christmas Eve to come, in the drawing-room of the castle, and telling to the children at her knees the wonderful tale of how their father and old George, on this very night, when the great gale blew long years ago, discovered the ruddy pile of gold, hoarded in that awful storehouse amid the bones of Saxon or Danish heroes, and thus saved her to be their mother. We can surely see the wide and wondering eyes and the fixed faces, as for the tenth time they listen to a story before which the joys of Crusoe will grow pale, and hear the eager appeals for confirmation made to the military-looking gentleman, very grizzled now, but grown better-looking with the advancing years, who is standing warming himself before the fire, the best and most beloved husband and father in the whole country-side.

Perhaps there may be a vacant chair, and another tomb among the ranks of the departed De la Molles; perhaps the ancient walls will no longer echo to the sound of the old Squire's stentorian voice. And what of that? It is our common lot.

But when he goes, the country-side will lose a man of whom they will not see the like again, for the breed is dead or dying; a man whose very prejudices, inconsistencies, and occasional wrong-headed violence will be held, when he is no longer here, to have been endearing qualities. And for manliness, for downright English God-fearing virtues, for love of Queen, country, family, and home, they may search in vain to find his equal among the thin-blooded gentility of the cosmopolitan Englishmen of the dawning twentieth century. His faults were many, and at one time he went near to sacrificing his daughter to save his house, but he would not have been the man he was without them.

And so to him, too, farewell. Perhaps he will find himself better placed in the Valhalla of his forefathers, surrounded by those stout old De la Molles whose memory he regarded with so much affection, than here in the Victorian era. For, as has been said elsewhere, the old Squire would undoubtedly have looked better in a chain shirt and a battle-axe than ever he did in a frock-coat, especially with his retainer George armed to the teeth behind him.

They kissed, and it was done—and out from the church tower in the meadows broke with clash and clangor the glad sound of the Christmas bells. Out it swept over pitle and fallow, over grove and wood. It floated down the valley of the Ell, it beat against Dead Man's Mount (henceforth to the vulgar mind more haunted than ever) and echoed up the castle's Norman towers and down the oak-clad vestibule. Away over the common went the glad message of Earth's Saviour, away high into the air, startling the rooks upon their airy courses, as though the iron notes of the World's rejoicing would fain float to the throned feet of the World's Everlasting King.

Peace and good-will, ay, and happiness, to the children of men while their span is, and hope for the beyond, and Heaven's blessing on holy love and all good things that are. This was what those liquid notes seemed to say to the most happy pair who stood hand in hand in the vestibule and thought of all they had escaped and all that they had won.

"Well, Quaritch, if you and Ida have quite done staring at each other, which isn't very interesting to a third party, perhaps you will not mind telling us how you happened on old Sir James De la Molle's hoard?"

Thus adjured, Harold began his thrilling story, telling the whole history of the night in detail, and if his hearers had expected to be astonished, certainly their expectations were considerably more than fulfilled.

"Upon my word," said the Squire, when he had done, "I think I am beginning to grow superstitious in my old age. Hang me if I don't believe it was the finger of Providence itself that pointed out those letters to you. Anyway, I'm off to see the spoil. Run and get your hat, Ida, my dear, and we will all go together."

And they went, and looked at the chest brimfull of red gold; yes, and passed down, all three of them, into those chill presences in the bowels of the Mount; and coming thence awed and silent, sealed up the place forever.

CONCLUSION.

GOOD-BY.

On the following morning such inhabitants of Boisingham as happened to be about were much interested at seeing an ordinary farm tumbrel coming down the main street, and being driven, or rather led, by no less a person than George himself, while behind it walked the well-known form of the old Squire, arm in arm with Colonel Quaritch.

They were still more interested, however, when the tumbrel drew up at the door of the bank—not Cossey's, but the opposition bank—where, although it was Boxing Day, the manager and the clerk were waiting, apparently, for its coming.

But their interest culminated when they perceived that the cart contained only a few flour sacks, and yet that each of these sacks seemed to require three or four men to lift it with any comfort.

Thus was the gold safely housed. Upon being weighed, its value was found to be about fifty-three thousand pounds of modern money. As, however, some of the coins were exceedingly rare, and of great value to museums and collectors, this value was considerably increased, and the treasure was ultimately sold for fifty-five thousand two hundred and fifty-four pounds. Only Ida kept back enough of the choicest coins to make a gold waistband or girdle and a necklace for herself, destined no doubt in future days to form the most cherished heirloom of the Quaritch family.

On that same evening the Squire and Harold went to London and opened up communications with the Solicitor to the Treasury. Fortunately they were able to refer to the will of Sir Edward De la Molle, the second baronet, in which he specially devised to his cousin, Geoffrey Döfferleigh, and his heirs forever, not only his estates, but his lands, "together with the treasure hid thereon or elsewhere by my late murdered father, Sir James De la Molle." Also they produced the writing which Ida had found in the old Bible, and the parchment discovered by George among the coin. These three documents formed a chain of evidence which even officials interested for the Treasury could not refuse to admit, and in the upshot the Crown renounced its claims, and the property in the gold passed to the Squire, subject to the payment of the same succession duty which he would have been called upon to meet had he inherited a like sum from a cousin at the present time.

And so it came to pass that when the mortgage money was due it was paid to the last farthing, capital and interest, and Edward Cossey lost his hold upon Honham forever.

As for Edward Cossey himself, we may say one more word about him. In the course of time he got over his violent passion for Ida sufficiently to allow him to make a brilliant marriage with the only daughter of an impecunious peer. She keeps her name and title, and he plays the part of the necessary husband. Anyhow, my reader, if it is your glorious fortune to frequent the gilded saloons of the great, you may meet Lady Honoria Tallbit and Mr. Cossey. If you do meet him, however, it may be as well to avoid him, for the events of his life have not been of a nature to improve his temper. This much, then, of Edward Cossey.

If, after leaving the gilded saloons aforesaid, you should happen to wander down Piccadilly or the Strand, as the case may be, you may meet another character in this history. You may see a sweet pale face, still stamped with a child-like roundness and simplicity, but half hidden in the coarse hood of the nun. You may see her, and if you care to follow, you may find what is the work wherein she seeks her peace. It would shock you; you would fly from it in horror; but it is her work of mercy and loving-kindness, and she does it unflinchingly, and among her fellow-nuns there is no one more beloved than Sister Agnes. So good-by to her also.

Harold Quaritch and Ida were married in the spring, and the village children strewed the church-yard path—the same path where in anguish of soul they had met and parted on that dreary winter's night—with primroses and violets.

And there, at the old church door, when the wreath is on her brow and the veil about her face, let us bid farewell to Ida and her husband, Harold Quaritch.

THE END.

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1646.

THANKSGIVING DAY FOR THREE.

'Twas growing dark, in fact extremely black,
And as the air was full of snow,
And I had really nowhere else to go,
Since out of work these six years past
Had forced me to some ticklish tricks at last,
I crept into some sort of shack
Built up against a farm-house, at the back,
Devoted to old kegs and various lumber;
Threw down my kit, made sure the door was fast;
Then, being indisposed to slumber,
And having nothing else to do
(I should have much preferred
Some slight refreshment, though, upon my word!),
I sneaked up to the nearest crack
And took the liberty of looking through.

The room in there,
As one could see, was out of all repair;
The walls were bulging, thick with damp,
The ceiling streaked with great black stains,
The very table marked with recent rains,
And feebly lighted by a dingy lamp.
The stove was stuffed with sappy hemlock boughs
To warm a pot with something bobbing in it;
Still, as the wind was whistling round the house,
I should have liked to just step in a minute.
I thought the owner must be very slack:
No doubt that *was* the owner sitting there,
Toasting his shins and tilting back his chair—
A lean old man, in a snuff-colored coat,
The buttons half-way up his back,
And with a long face bearded like a goat.

At length the old chap rose,
Got rags and stopped a broken pane,
Smiled with a pleased air—why, the good Lord knows—
Dished up his onions—onions, that was plain!
Fetched water, bread, salt meat, and then with those,
And only those, sat down to clear the platter.
But first, before he ate,
He raised his hand and looked up from his plate
(With such a look! Love, grief—I don't know what!)—
Looked up, I say, across the musty hall,
Where, shifted to the driest spot,
I saw a picture hanging on the wall:
A face—not some young fool in white and pink,
But a pale woman, with black eyes downcast—
Making me think—only I never think,
Much less disturb myself as to what's past—
About a girl: a girl—but that's no matter.

A moment later came a knock;
Old graybeard leaves his supper, just begun,
And goes in haste to turn the rusty lock.
I catch a beggar's whining tone,
And then—"Lord, yes! Walk in; I'm all alone.
Walk in! Sit by! *You see, I'm—re-ely—done.*"....
Well, in he came—I knew the fellow, too—
In fact, I may say, we were well acquainted:
A smart young scamp, but lazy through and through,
From crown to shoe-sole (if he owned a shoe);
Yet maybe not so black as he was painted.
And faith, if he, like me or you,
Forced by a gentlemanly love of leisure,
Did things that otherwise he wouldn't do,
That classic taste explains it in a measure!
Still, when I saw him, in the easiest chair
(As stout a lad as ever stepped in leather),
Just calmly eating through the bill of fare,
I own, I vowed with might and main
It shouldn't happen so again:

I vowed to coax, cuff, force, persuade,
To make the rascal try a different trade—
That is, to try it, he and I together;
For that same vow, without pretence,
Involved a most unpleasant consequence—
To make your practice square with your advice,
Swear off old tricks and give your hand upon it—
Go partners with a jail-bird—that's not nice.
Still, I resolved to do it, and I've done it.

Meanwhile, our friend inside
Concealed his natural feelings of dismay,
And kept the stranger's plate supplied,
Still talking in that soft confiding way,
With twenty pretexts quick to save his pride;
So hungry, too, that when his guest went on
(To take a snug nap in the nearest shed),
The old man whimpered—yes, sir, fairly cried—
Then, seeing meat and loaf were both clean gone,
Crept like a whipt child supperless to bed.

DORA READ GOODALE.

FREDERIC A. POTTS.

FREDERIC A. POTTS, who died at his home in East Thirty-ninth Street, this city, on November 9th, will be remembered in the politics of New Jersey, and for his connection with the railway, coal, and banking interests of that State, New York, and Pennsylvania. He was born in Pottsville, Pennsylvania, in 1836. His great-grandfather was a Quaker member of the Continental Congress. The greater part of Mr. POTTS's early life was devoted to the coal and iron business, and he had little prominence in politics until comparatively recent years. He ran for Congress in 1872 in the Fourth New Jersey District, thus entering on a hopeless contest with a popular Democrat in a district previously Democratic, but he had the satisfaction of reducing the ordinary Democratic majority more than one-half. Two years afterward he ran as a Republican candidate for State Senator in a Democratic district, and was elected by a majority of nearly 300. In 1878 he again ran for Congress in the Fourth District, and this time came still nearer success than before. He was beaten by only 620. In the Presidential campaign of two years before, TILDEN and HENDRICKS had carried the district by 6500. Mr. POTTS was now a prominent leader in his party in New Jersey. For several years he was Chairman of the State Committee, and in 1880 he was the Republican candidate for Governor, being defeated by a small majority. After 1880 he had little connection with politics. The New Jersey Midland Railroad was in that year reorganized as the New York, Susquehanna, and Western, and he remained President of it until his death. Before this time he had been a director in the Central Railroad of New Jersey. In the coal trade he was widely known as the head of the wholesale firm of F. A. POTTS & Co. Of the National Park Bank he was the Vice-President, his father, who died early this year, having been its President. Mr. POTTS was a member of the Union League Club and of the Protestant Episcopal Church, being a warden of Zion Church. He died after a short illness.

MRS. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

MRS. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, who was Miss MARY ENDICOTT, is a direct descendant of JOHN ENDICOTT, the first Governor of the "Dorchester Company." Her father's family has lived at Salem for two hundred and sixty years, ever since its founder in America sailed into the harbor of what was then called "Naum-Keag." On her mother's side she is a PEABODY, and she is connected by blood or marriage with the WINTHROPS, LAWRENCES, GARDNERS, PARKERS, and half the noteworthy families of the old Bay State. The PEABODY women are noted for a certain delicate and Puritan-like beauty, which Mrs. CHAMBERLAIN has inherited. There is a spiritual grace and refinement in their faces and a dignity in their carriage which mark them and set them apart even among the representatives of the highest type of New England breeding and culture.

Washington society, after its gushing and explosive fashion, dubbed Miss ENDICOTT "the Puritan PRISCILLA" when she made her appearance in society as an *ingénue*. Some of those who saw her when she first went to the capital, in the early spring days immediately succeeding Mr. CLEVELAND's inauguration, rather regretted the transference of the delicate and refined girl from the cold but congenial atmosphere of Salem to the hot-house air of Washington—an air in which maidenly manners have the slighest possible chance, and where womanly traits blossom somewhat more speedily than they ought. But there was no spoiling the product of the most exclusive families of the most exclusive city of Massachusetts. Mrs. CHAMBERLAIN has doubtless gained a larger knowledge of the world and more expanded and generous human sympathies than she would have obtained under either the ENDICOTT or the PEABODY roof-tree, but she has lost neither the touching faith in human nature nor the gentle refinement which she has preserved as a precious part of her inheritance.

Her mother's family is one of the wealthiest in the old city of Salem. Her grandfather, Mr. GEORGE PEABODY, a relative of the London banker and philanthropist, lives in one of the large brick mansions that were built by the rich East India and China merchants who flourished in the early days of the century, and made Salem the principal port of entry in New England. Now the old houses are inhabited by very few of the descendants of those who earned them and built them, but chiefly by new-comers, or by the necessarily economical scions of the old families, who possess just enough of the wealth of those who have gone before them to enable them to keep the ancestral roof over their heads. The PEABODY house faces the public park, a dreary but perfectly correct plane of grass, intersected by paths which are constructed strictly for the convenience of wayfarers. The ENDICOTT house is in a more fashionable part of the town, on Essex Street, the oldest road of Salem, that which HAWTHORNE celebrated in his charming sketch of "Main Street." It is not at all like the PEABODY house. It is older, more colonial, more suggestive of an ancestry reaching back of the East India and China trade. It is not of brick, but of wood, yellow and white in color; indeed, it bears on its face the evidence that it never could have been of any other color; its roof is hipped, and it stands above its neighbors and looks down upon them. The elms in front of it are old and respectable, and the atmosphere of the neighborhood is charmingly interesting.

In these two houses, and at Boston and Nahant, Mrs. CHAMBERLAIN has passed the most of her life. Mrs. ENDICOTT, like her daughter, is a beautiful woman of the Puritan type; but she is dark, while Mrs. CHAMBERLAIN is fair. The Secretary is a singularly handsome man, with a suggestion of the face of his Puritan ancestor, although the hard features of the progenitor are softened by the processes of time. All his honors have come to him; he has not sought them. He may not lack ambition, but he certainly does lack the modern methods of gratifying ambition, so that he has the satisfaction of knowing that he has been a Judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, his party's candidate for Governor of the Commonwealth, and a member of the President's cabinet because other people have thought him worthy.

Mrs. CHAMBERLAIN is her husband's third wife, and the former Radical Mayor of Birmingham and present Unionist may congratulate himself that of all the American girls who have married Englishmen his wife is the best type of the finest product of New England civilization. In the WEEKLY of November 3d will be found a front-page picture, drawn from life, of the happy bridegroom.

MRS. MORTON.

FOR the first time in twenty-eight years Washington society is to know a Vice-President's house. Mr. LINCOLN's first Vice-President, Mr. HAMLIN, was a widower, and lived at a hotel. In fact, until Mr. HENDRICKS was chosen, the office seemed to be a refuge for widowers, for there followed HAMLIN, JOHNSON, WILSON, WHEELER, and ARTHUR. COLFAX married during his term of office. They were all widowers. Two filled out their terms in the office of President, the daughter of one and the sister of the other presiding over the White House. Mr. HENDRICKS would have had a pleasant house for society if he had not died almost at the beginning of his term of office, for Mrs. HENDRICKS is a charming and accomplished woman. It will be Mrs. MORTON's privilege and pleasure to revive the social glories of the office to which her husband has been chosen, and there is no doubt that the ancient splendor, which was in truth not very remarkable in ante-bellum days, will be very greatly increased by this clever and attractive woman.

Mrs. MORTON is very well known in Washington society, where for two winters not many years ago she shone as a leader. The old HOOPER house, which Mr. MORTON bought, became one of the most delightful places at the capital. Its affairs were administered with all the grace and tact for which its mistress is famous, and there is no doubt that the splendors of the MORTON hospitality during the coming Administration will be as much greater than that of eight years ago, as the office of Vice-President is more dignified than a seat in the House of Representatives. Mrs. MORTON is a handsome woman, of the blond type. She was born in Poughkeepsie, of this State, and comes from a thoroughly good New York family, the STREETS. Her uncle was for many years well and favorably known. He was ALFRED B. STREET, a poet of some repute, and the State Librarian at Albany. Most of her girlhood was passed in this city, and it was here she met Mr. MORTON, who was then a widower. She is naturally a leader. She has a quick mind, excellent powers of conversation, and has industriously and effectively made the most of her talents. All her life she has had the disposition, the leisure, and the opportunities to cultivate herself, and she has been equal to the rather exacting demands which Mr. MORTON's position has made upon her. She is a woman of society, but there is a strong and very beautiful domestic side to her character. She is the very intelligent and affectionate mother of five daughters, and superintends their education and training as thoroughly and wisely as if she had no thought of the social duties which are imposed upon her, and in which she undoubtedly finds a good deal of pleasure.

Since she went away from Washington she has presided over the house of our Legation in Paris after a fashion that makes the coming return of the family to the capital a delightful anticipation to the diplomatic corps and that part of society which moves and is influenced by the foreign atmosphere. It was a great house which the MORTONS maintained at Paris, both to the American colony and to the French, who were delighted with a hospitality that was abundant, but not so profuse as to be inelegant.

Newport and New York have been the abiding-places of the new Vice-President and his wife, but recently they have established their summer home at Rhinecliff, on the Hudson, Mr. MORTON having purchased the great KELLY estate, which has been a landmark on the river for more than two generations. "Ellerslie" is the new name which Mrs. MORTON has given to the property. The former family house in Washington has been pulled down to make way for flats. Its former proprietor, Congressman HOOPER, of Boston, is said to have given in it the best dinners that were ever offered to a Washington gourmet. But there will be a new MORTON home, and it will be very delightful.

THE HARRISONS AT HOME.

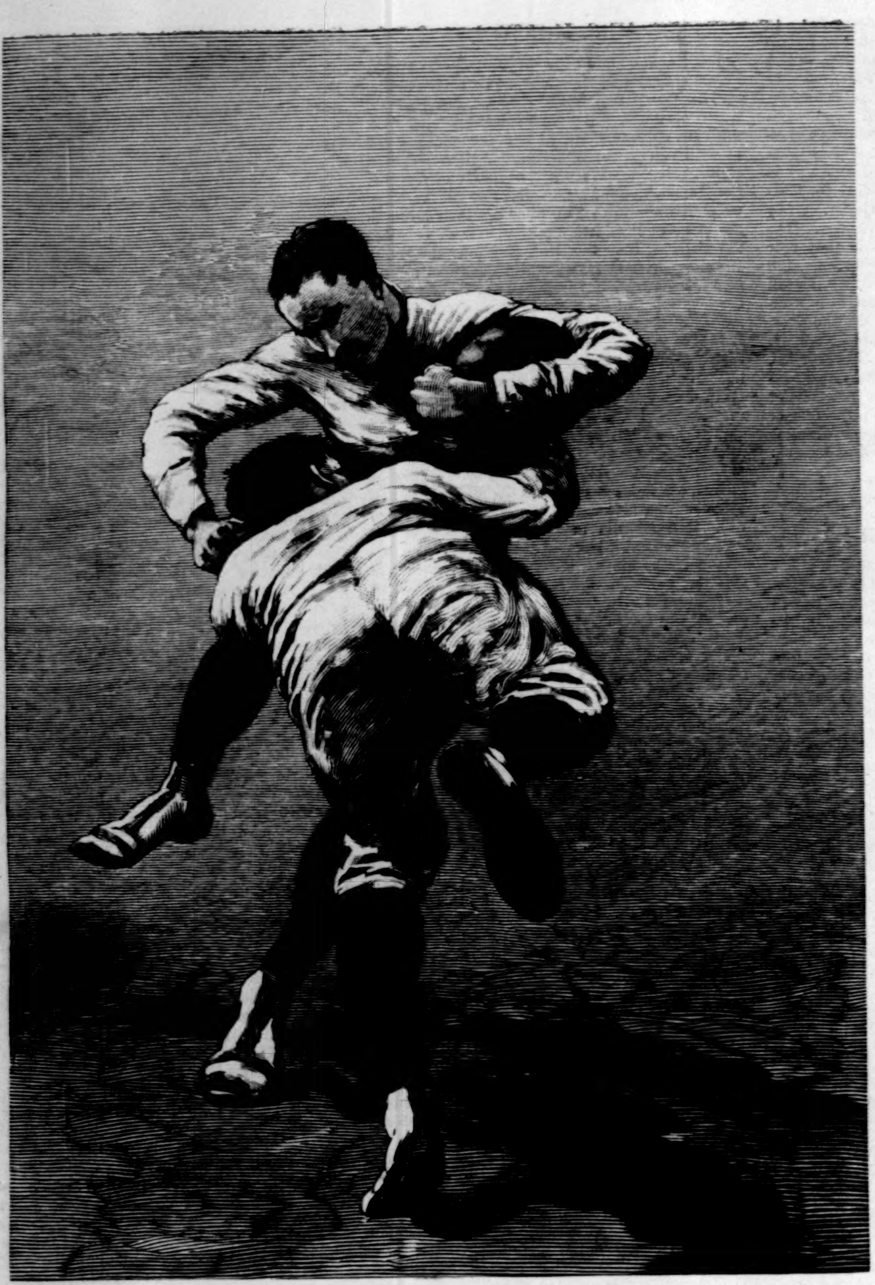
MOST noticeable and gratifying in all the comment upon the result of the national election has been the chivalric regret which triumphant Republicans as well as tureened Democrats have manifested over the inevitable departure of Mrs. CLEVELAND from the White House. But at the same time the country is curious to learn what manner of social régime will be instituted by the new mistress; and already the ever-burning search-lantern of American inquisitiveness has been pointed in full flame at the HARRISON home in Indianapolis, and the rays of the far-reaching light have danced scores of interrogative shadows up, down, and all around the modest brick house on North Delaware Street. Mrs. HARRISON—CAROLINE SCOTT HARRISON she signs her name—does not seem to mind the glare of this lamp of public interest. Maybe it is to her only as pleasant sunshine in these November days, for in the brightness of all the illumination thrown upon her she goes about her daily duties of house-wife and grandmother the same as if her husband had never been named for the Presidency.

Her home life, the home life of her husband and her children, has not been one of romance, nor one that the most fervid campaign historian could fresco with glorifying words of sentiment. Mrs. HARRISON is Western by birth and education, and the General is Western too. Though his ancestry is famed, and he himself has been a brave soldier, a successful lawyer, and a prominent office-holder, still his life under the family roof has been but little more than commonplace and prosaic. The HARRISONS have never been rich, and though they have lived in comfort, they never have known elegance. Young Lawyer BEN had little more than $200 when he took CAROLINE SCOTT to wife, and with their first baby, before either was twenty-one years old, started their house-keeping in a little bit of a nest of a home. Mrs. HARRISON was a sensible girl, who had learned at the seminary at Oxford to be content with a calico dress, and proud of a stiffly starched sun-bonnet even in Commencement week. Her mother had tutored her in the arts of baking bread and making beds, and kin domestic cares. Young CAROLINE was wont to protest against it all as drudgery, and to vow that when married she would never lift her hand in housework. But when young Mr. HARRISON was struggling she blessed her mother for having taught her to do things for herself. She baked and she swept and she sewed and she darned and she looked after the babies. There were two of these interesting little ones. The first was the son RUSSELL, and the next was the daughter MARY SCOTT. Each is living and married. RUSSELL caught the heart of MINNIE, the daughter of Senator SAUNDERS, of Nebraska, and lives with her at the head of a stock farm in Helena, Montana. MARY HARRISON married J. R. MCKEE, a merchant in Indianapolis. While these children were growing, the father, busy with law cases and battles and politics, and then with law cases again, increased his earnings, but never got them far beyond his constantly growing expenses. So it happened that though he became a United States Senator, he had no fortune and no means of maintaining a big house in great style. When he went to Washington in 1881 he had rooms at a hotel, then at a boarding-house, and finally in an apartment-house. Mrs. HARRISON had her receptions and was in society, but not as a leader nor as a devotee of fashion. She is a home-lover, and her life in Indianapolis was far more enjoyable than the years at the capital.

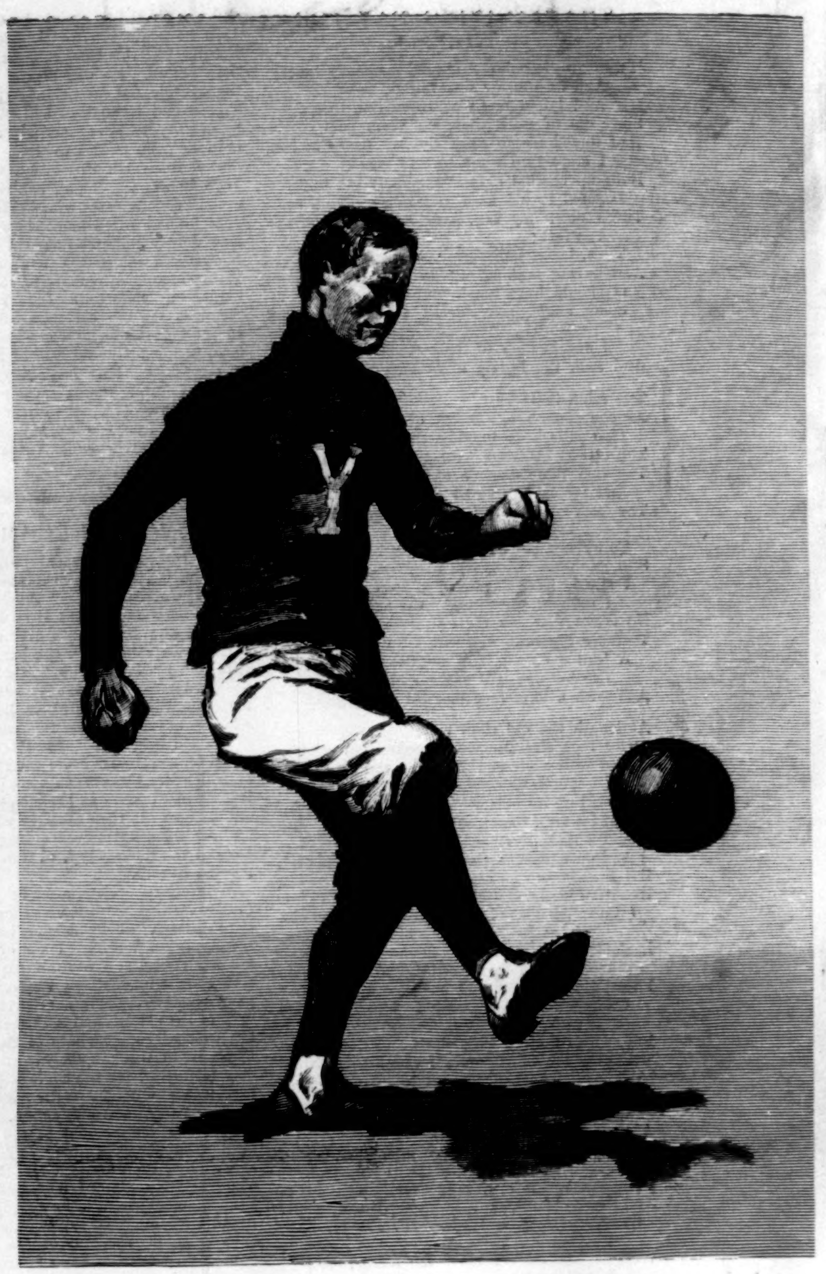
The house the family now occupies is the largest of the several they have had. But it is unpretentious even among its neighbors. You have seen hundreds like it in the West and the East in small cities, a two-story brick, rather wider than Metropolitan houses, somewhat square-looking, and with grass beds before and beside it. There is a large hall, and adjoining it a large drawing-room, and back of that is the library. Furnishings, substantially rich in material, artistic in design; queer relics of the Tippecanoe Campaign; odd gifts such as a Presidential candidate is sure to get; a large flag-draped portrait of the grandfather of 1840; books and babies—these are the things the visitor to the HARRISON home would see just now. Not magnificent nor palatial, the house has an individuality, and is Home from wall to wall.

Young Mr. MCKEE, who married the daughter MARY, is one of the family. He is out early to business. The General, before the nominating Convention, used to get out to his law office early too. Since the great honor has come to him he has been at home more. Early hours, however, prevail. Mrs. HARRISON sets the example by rising at 6, and on three days of the week goes out to do her own marketing. Breakfast follows at 7.30, luncheon at 1 P. M., and dinner at 6. Before politics claimed so much attention the General was often at leisure in the evening. He liked to sit in the library with Mrs. HARRISON, his daughter, and her husband, and there they would talk or read. Before the children married they used to have dances and receptions for their friends. MARY, who as a bud in society was the finest waltzer in Indianapolis, made the house on North Delaware Street a centre of the social life of the city. Since the weddings of the children the General and Mrs. HARRISON have done little to entertain guests, except by small dinners for ten or twelve intimate friends—dinners of few courses and without wine. Mrs. HARRISON delights in needle-work and music, but her special pleasure is to paint. She was gifted with some genius, and by study has made herself something of an artist. She likes to use her brush on china, and the house is adorned with many specimens of her skill. She is a student of literature, and is a moving spirit in a club that meets for literary discussion once a fortnight. Except to keep up these pursuits she withdrew herself from all amusement, and almost from society, about two years ago, when her daughter was blessed with her first-born. This is BENJAMIN HARRISON MCKEE, a bouncing gentleman of twenty months' experience with the world. He is chubby and dimpled, and crows over himself and his folks with laughing satisfaction. Once in a while he cries, but generally he is exuberantly joyful. Often when visitors were coming in platoons to see his distinguished grandfather, young BENJAMIN MCKEE would be carried in on his grandmother's shoulder, and nestling there, would shake in great glee the hands of the callers. He also persists in crawling into the room of the President-elect, and helping him confer with party leaders. No one will restrain him, and he seems to know it. Already he is as big a man as General HARRISON, and if he keeps on growing, he will be a strong factor in the next administration. His sister MARY was born about Convention time, and though not quite able to help her brother receive visitors, she gives promise of taking much honor to herself in Washington. It is a long time since there have been babies in the White House, and there will surely be delightful amusement some of these coming days, when the two HARRISON grandchildren shall insist upon descending to the Blue Room, or some other room, to help the President shake the hands of the long lines of people.

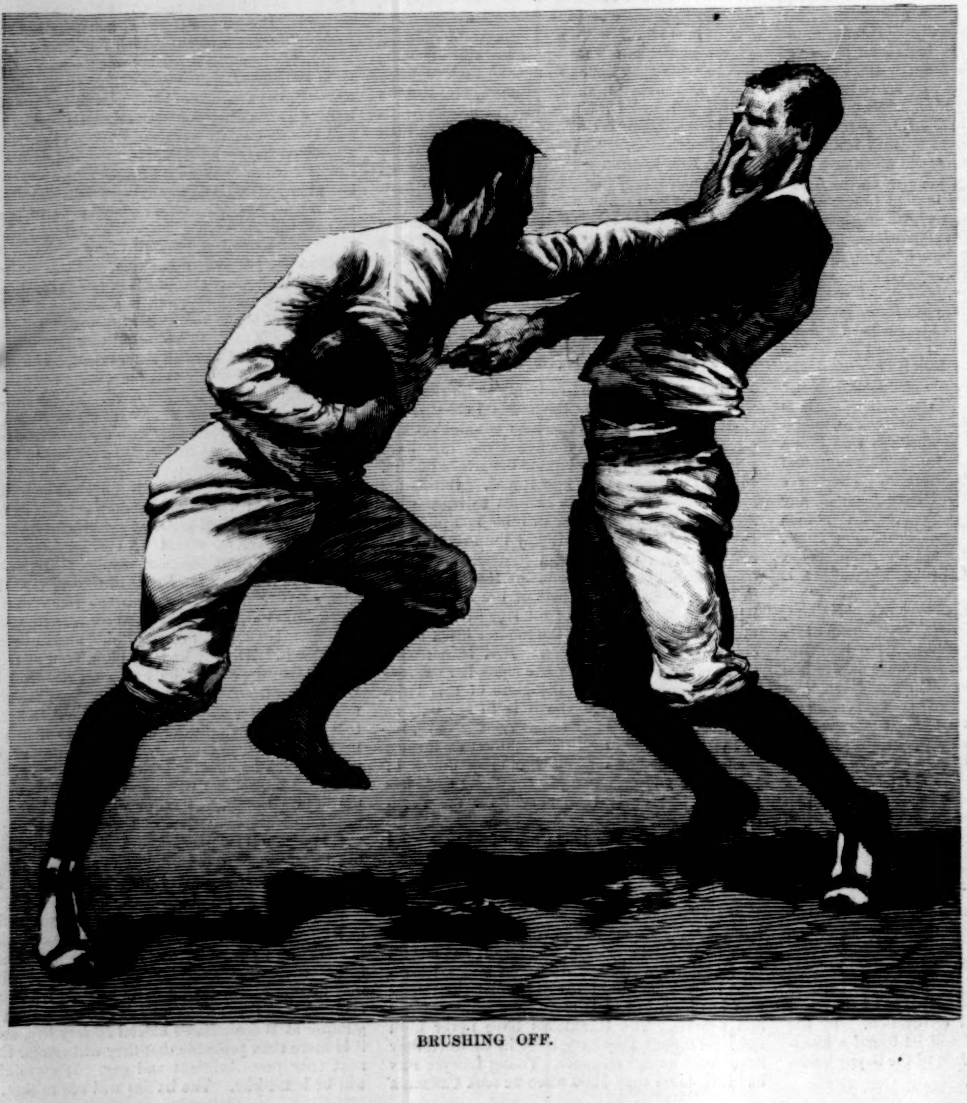
Mrs. HARRISON is fifty-four years old and rather handsome. Mrs. MCKEE is twenty-seven, and is considered a beautiful young wife. So is her sister-in-law, MINNIE SAUNDERS HARRISON, who may at times be a tenant of the Executive Mansion. These three women have had more than a glimpse at Washington's official society life, and it is more than probable that they will render the next four years brilliant and gay. It certainly will be home-like. The babies will see to that.



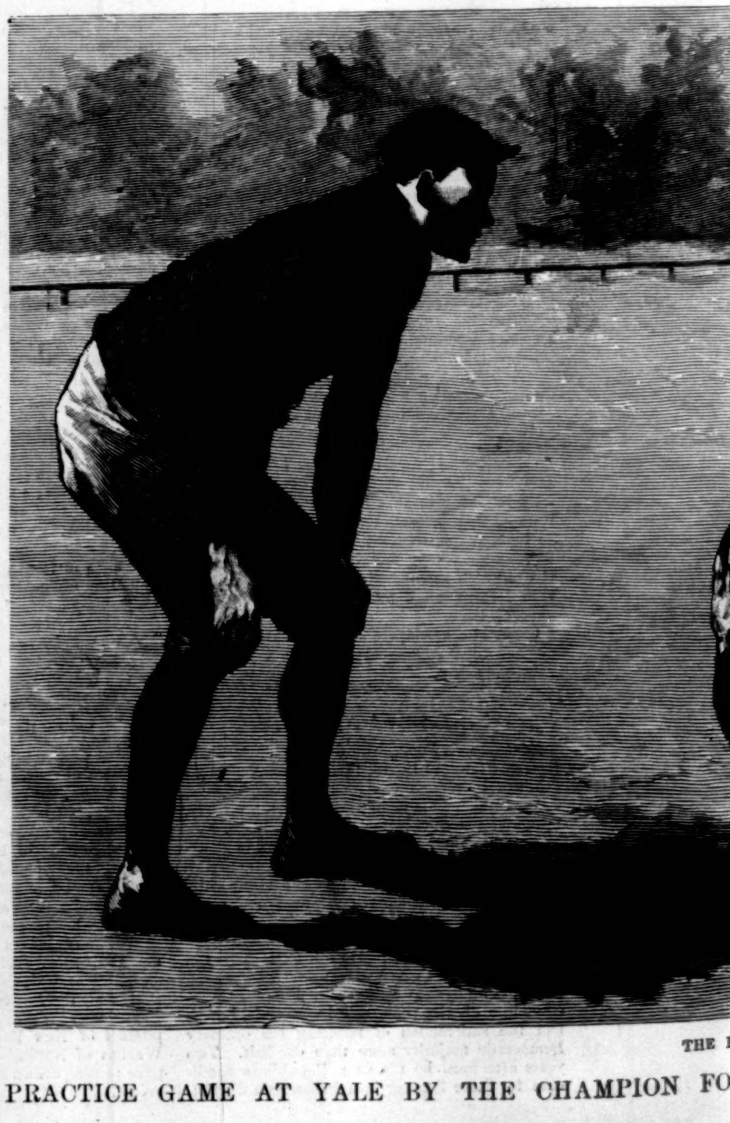
A LOW TACKLE.



THE DROP-KICK.

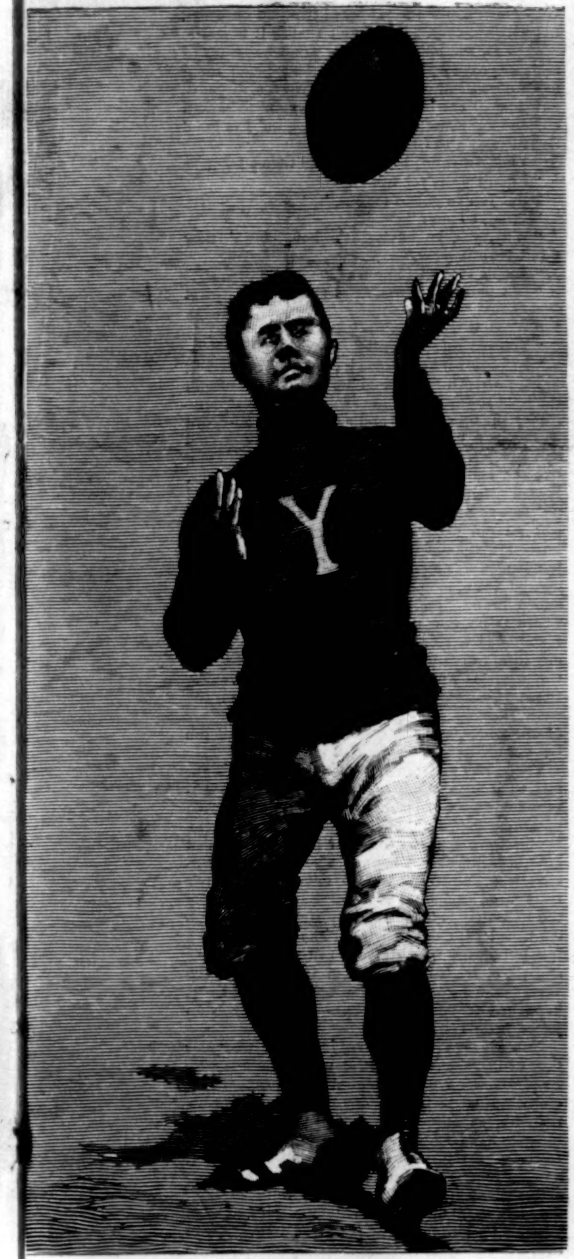


BRUSHING OFF.

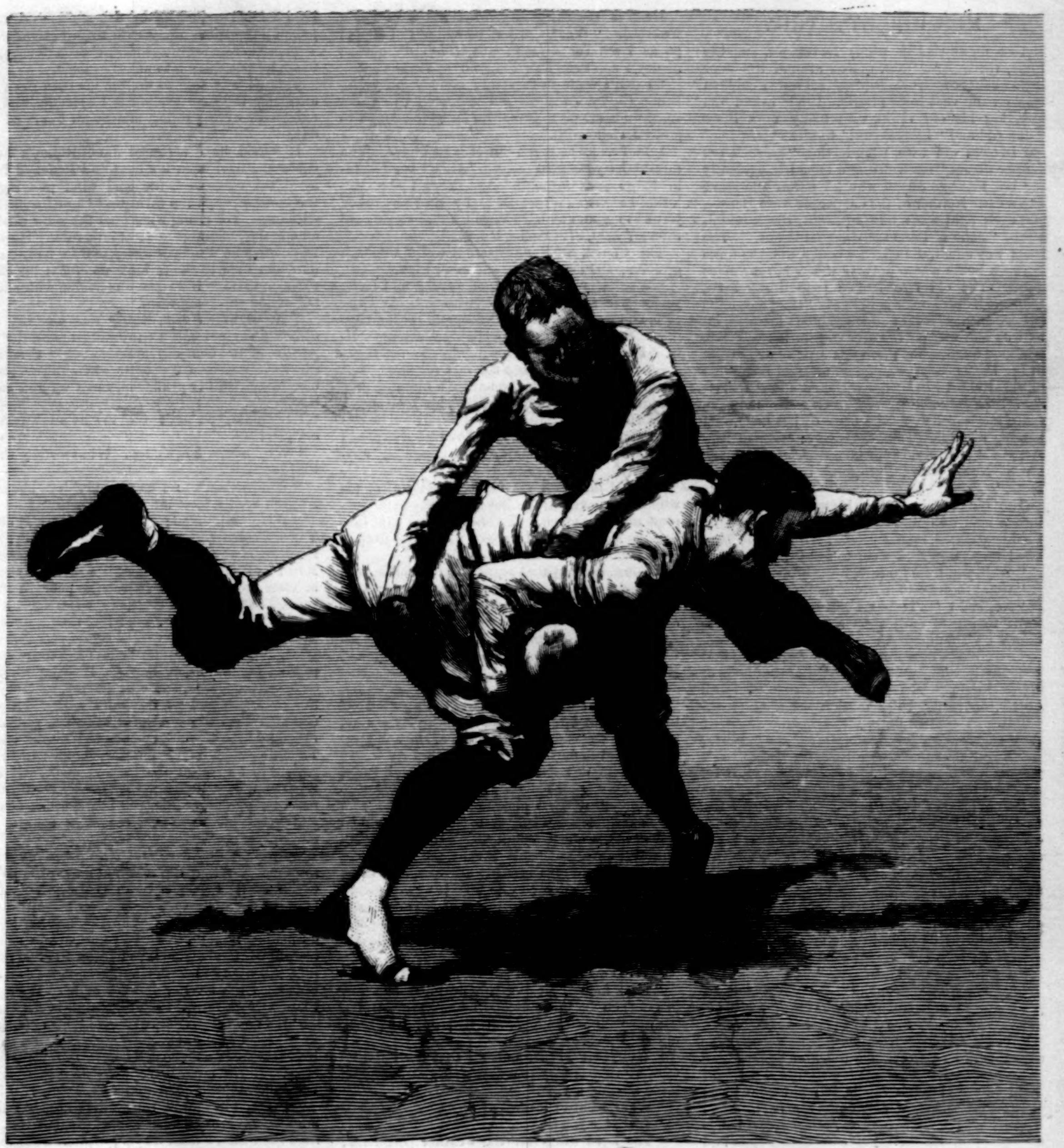


THE

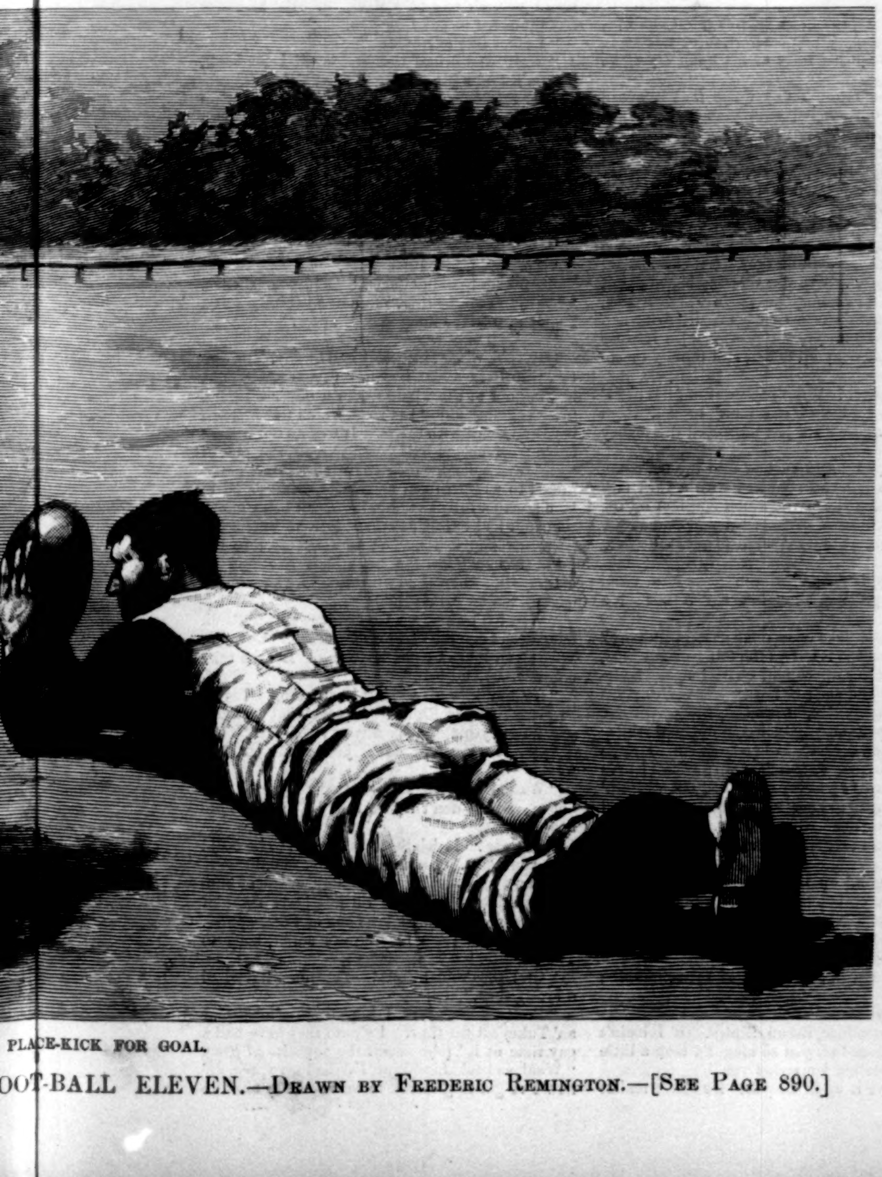
A PRACTICE GAME AT YALE BY THE CHAMPION FO



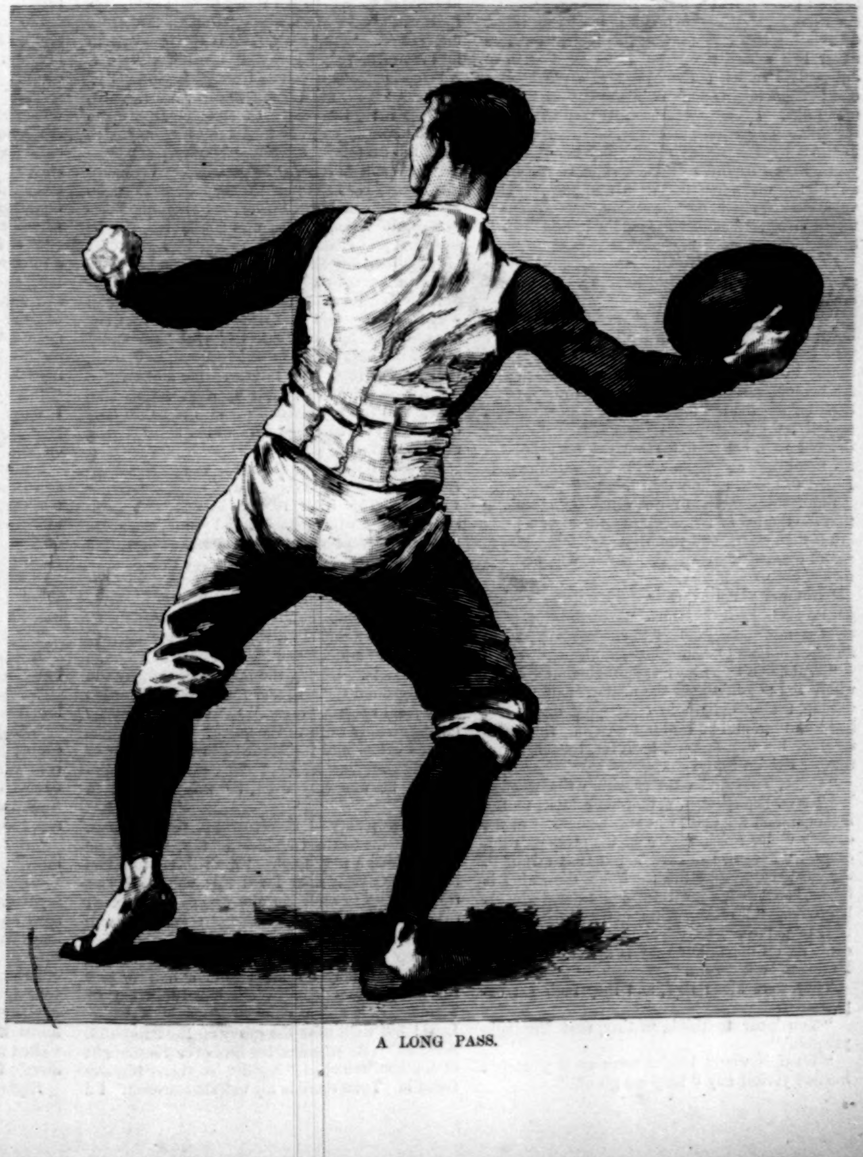
HEELING A FAIR CATCH.



A LOW RUNNER.



PLACE-KICK FOR GOAL.



A LONG PASS.

OOT-BALL ELEVEN.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 890.]

MRS. RIPLEY'S TRIP.

The night was in windy November, and the blast, threatening rain, roared around the poor little shanty of "Uncle Ripley," set like a chicken trap on the vast Iowa prairie. Uncle Ethan was mending his old violin, with many York State "dums!" and "I gal darns!" totally oblivious of his tireless old wife, who, having "finished the supper dishes," sat knitting a stocking, evidently for the little grandson who lay before the stove like a cat. Neither of the old people wore glasses, and their light was a tallow candle; they couldn't afford "none o' them new-fangled lamps." The room was small, the chairs wooden, and the walls bare—a home where poverty was a never-absent guest. The old lady looked pathetically little, weazened, and hopeless in her ill-fitting garments (whose original color had long since vanished), intent as she was on the stocking in her knotted, stiffened fingers, but there was a peculiar sparkle in her little black eyes, and an unusual resolution in the straight line of her withered and shapeless lips. Suddenly she paused, stuck a needle in the spare knob of hair at the back of her head, and looking at Ripley, said, decisively: "Ethan Ripley, you'll haff to do your own cooking from now on to New-Year's; I'm goin' back to Yaark State."

The old man's leather-brown face stiffened into a look of quizzical surprise for a moment; then he cackled, incredulously: "Ho! Ho! har! Sho! be y', now? I want to know if y' be."

"Well, you'll find out."

"Goin' to start to-morrow, mother?"

"No, sir, I ain't; but I am on Thursday. I want to git to Sally's by Sunday, sure, an' to Silas's on Thanksgivin'."

There was a note in the old woman's voice that brought genuine stupefaction into the face of Uncle Ripley. Of course in this case, as in all others, the money consideration was uppermost.

"Howgy 'xpect to get the money, mother? Anybody died an' left yeh a pile?"

"Never you mind where I get the money so's't *you* don't haff to bear it. The land knows, if I'd a-waited for *you* to pay my way—"

"You needn't twit me of being poor, old woman," said Ripley, flaming up after the manner of many old people. "I've done *my* part t' get along. I've worked day in and day out—"

"Oh! *I* ain't done no work, have I?" snapped she, laying down the stocking and levelling a needle at him, and putting a frightful emphasis on "I."

"I didn't say you hadn't done no work."

"Yes, you did!"

"I didn't, neither. I said—"

"I *know* what you said."

"I said I'd done *my part!*" roared the husband, dominating her as usual by superior lung power. "I didn't *say* you hadn't done your part," he added, with an unfortunate touch of emphasis on "say."

"I know y' didn't *say* it, but y' meant it. I don't know what y' call doin' my part, Ethan Ripley; but if cookin' for a drove of harvest hands and threshin' hands, takin' care o' the eggs and butter, 'n' diggin' taters an' milkin', ain't *my* part, I don't never expect to do my part, 'n' you might as well know it fust 's last. I'm sixty years old," she went on, with a little break in her harsh voice, dominating him now by woman's logic, "an' I've never had a day to myself, not even Fourth o' July. If I've went a-visitin' 'r to a picnic, I've had to come home and milk 'n' get supper for you men-folks. I 'ain't been away t' stay overnight for thirteen years in this house, 'n' it was jest so in Davis County for ten more. For twenty-three years, Ethan Ripley, I've stuck right to the stove an' churn without a day or a night off." Her voice choked again, but she rallied, and continued, impressively, "And now I'm a-goin' back to Yaark State."

Ethan was vanquished. He stared at her in speechless surprise, his jaw hanging. It was incredible.

"For twenty-three years," she went on, musingly, "I've jest about promised myself every year I'd go back an' see my folks." She was distinctly talking to herself now, and her voice had a touching, wistful cadence. "I've wanted to go back an' see the old folks, an' the hills where we played, an' eat apples off the old tree down by the old well. I've had them trees an' hills in my mind days an' days—nights too—an' the girls I used to know, an' my own folks—"

She fell into a silent muse, which lasted so long that the ticking of the clock grew loud as a gong in the man's ears, and the wind outside seemed to sound drearier than usual. He returned to the money problem, kindly, though.

"But how y' goin' t' raise the money? I 'ain't got no extra cash this time. Agin Roach is paid an' the mortgage interest paid we 'ain't got no hundred dollars to spare, Jane, not by a jugful."

"Waal, don't you lay awake nights studyin' on where I'm a-goin' to get the money," said the old woman, taking delight in mystifying him. She had him now, and he couldn't escape. He strove to show his indifference, however, by playing a tune or two on the violin.

"Come, Tukey, you better climb the wooden hill," Mrs. Ripley said, a half-hour later, to the little chap on the floor, who was beginning to get drowsy under the influence of his grandpa's fiddling. "Pa, you had orta 'a put that string in the clock to-day—on the 'larm side the string is broke," she said, upon returning from the boy's bedroom. "I orta get up extry early to-morrow, to get some sewin' done. Land knows, I can't fix up much, but they is a leetle I c'n do. I want to look decent."

They were alone now, and they both sat expectantly.

"You 'pear to think, mother, that I'm agin yer goin'."

"Waal, it would kinder seem as if y' hadn't hustled yerself any t' help me git off."

He was smarting under the sense of being wronged. "Waal, I'm jest as willin' you should go as I am for myself; but if I 'ain't got no money I don't see how I'm goin' to send—"

"I don't want ye to send; nobody ast ye to, Ethan Ripley. I guess if I had what I've earnt since we came on to this farm I'd have enough to go to Jericho with."

"You've got as much out of it as I have. You talk about your goin' back. 'Ain't I been wantin' to go back myself? And 'ain't I kep' still 'cause I see it wa'n't no use? I guess I've worked jest as long and as hard as you, an' in storms an' mud an' heat, ef it comes t' that."

The woman was staggered, but she wouldn't give up; she must get in one more thrust.

"Waal, if you'd 'a managed as well as I have, you'd have some money to go with." And she rose, and went to mix her bread, and set it "raisin'." He sat by the fire twanging his fiddle softly. He was plainly thrown into gloomy retrospection, something quite unusual for him. But his fingers picking out the bars of a familiar tune set him to smiling, and whipping his bow across the strings, he forgot all about his wife's resolutions and his own hardships. Trouble always slid off his back like "punkins off a hay-stack" anyway.

The old man still sat fiddling softly after his wife disappeared in the hot and stuffy little bedroom off the kitchen. His shaggy head bent lower over his violin. He heard her shoes drop—*one, two.* Pretty soon she called:

"Come, put up that squeakin' old fiddle, and go to bed. Seems as if you orta have sense enough not to set there keepin' everybody in the house awake."

"You hush up," retorted he. "I'll come when I git ready, not till. I'll be glad when you're gone—"

"Yes, I warrant *that.*"

With which amiable good-night they went off to sleep, or at least she did, while he lay awake, pondering on "where under the sun she was goin' t' raise that money."

The next day she was up bright and early, working away on her own affairs, ignoring Ripley totally, the fixed look of resolution still on her little old wrinkled face. She killed a hen and dressed and baked it. She fried up a pan of doughnuts, and made a cake. She was engaged on the doughnuts when a neighbor came in, one of those women who take it as a personal affront when any one in the neighborhood does anything without asking their advice. She was fat, and could talk a man blind in three minutes by the watch.

"What's this I hear, Mis' Ripley?"

"I dun know. I expect you hear about all they is goin' on in this neighborhood," replied Mrs. Ripley, with crushing bluntness; but the gossip did not flinch.

"Well, Sett Turner told *me* that her husband told *her* that Ripley told *him* that you was goin' back East on a visit."

"Waal, what of it?"

"Well, air yeh?"

"The Lord willin' an' the weather permittin', I expect to be."

"Good land, I want to know! Well, well! I never was so astonished in my life. I said, says I, 'It can't be.' 'Well,' ses 'e, 'that what *she* told me,' ses 'e. 'But,' ses I, 'she is the last woman in the world to go gallivantin' off East,' ses I. An' ses he, 'But it comes from good authority,' ses he. 'Well, then, it must be so,' ses I. But, land sakes! do tell me all about it. How come you to make up y'r mind? All these years you've been kind a-talkin' it over, an' now y'r actshelly goin'. Waal, *I never!* 'I s'pose Ripley furnishes the money,' ses I to him. 'Well, no,' ses 'e. 'Ripley says he'll be blowed if he sees where the money's comin' from,' ses 'e; and ses I, 'But maybe she's jest jokin',' ses I. 'Not much,' he says. S' 'e: 'Ripley believes she's goin' fast enough. He's jest as anxious to find out as we be—' "

Here Mrs. Doudney paused for breath; she had walked so fast and had rested so little that her interminable flow of "ses I's" and "ses he's" ceased necessarily. She had reached, moreover, the point of most vital interest—the money.

"An' you'll find out jest 'bout as soon as he does," was the dry response from the figure hovering over the stove, and with all her manœuvring that was all she got.

All day Ripley went about his work exceedingly thoughtful for him. It was cold, blustering weather. The wind rustled among the corn-stalks with a wild and mournful sound, the geese and ducks went sprawling down the wind, and horses' coats were ruffled and backs raised.

The old man was husking corn alone in the field, his spare form rigged out in two or three ragged coats, his hands inserted in a pair of gloves minus nearly all the fingers, his thumbs done up in "stalls," and his feet thrust into huge coarse boots. During the middle of the day the frozen ground thawed, and the mud stuck to his boots, and the "down ears" wet and chapped his hands, already worn to the quick. Toward night it grew colder and threatened snow. In spite of all these attacks he kept his cheerfulness, and though he was very tired, he was softened in temper.

Having plenty of time to think matters over, he had come to the conclusion "that the old woman needed a play-spell. I ain't likely to be no richer next year than I am this one; if I wait till I'm able to send her she won't never go. I calc'late I c'n git enough out o' them shoats to send her. I'd kind a 'lotted on eat'n' them pigs done up into sassengers, but if the ol' woman goes East, Tukey an' me'll kind a haff to pull through without 'em. We'll have a turkey f'r Thanksgivin', an' a chicken once 'n a while. Lord! but we'll miss the gravy on the flap-jacks. A-men!" (He smacked his lips over the thought of the lost dainty.) "But let 'er rip! We can stand it. Then there is my buffalo overcoat. I'd kind a calc'lated on havin' a buffalo—but that's gone up the spout along with them sassengers."

These heroic sacrifices having been determined upon, he put them into effect at once.

This he was able to do, for his corn rows ran alongside the road leading to Cedarville, and his neighbors were passing almost all hours of the day.

It would have softened Jane Ripley's heart could she have seen his bent and stiffened form amid the corn-rows, the cold wind piercing to the bone through his threadbare and insufficient clothing. The rising wind sent the snow rattling among the moaning stalks at intervals. The cold made his poor dim eyes water, and he had to stop now and then to swing his arms about his chest to warm them. His voice was hoarse with shouting at the shivering team.

That night as Mrs. Ripley was clearing the dishes away she got to thinking about the departure of the next day, and she began to soften. She gave way to a few tears when little Tewksbury Gilchrist, her grandson, came up and stood beside her.

"Gran'ma, you 'ain't goin' to stay away always, are yeh?"

"Why, course not, Tukey. What made y' think that?"

"Well, y' 'ain't told us nawthin' 'tall about it. An' yeh kind a look 'sif yeh was mad."

"Well, I ain't mad; I'm jest a-thinkin', Tukey. Y' see I come away from them hills when I was a little girl a'most; before I married y'r grandad. And I 'ain't never been back. 'Most all my folks is there, sonny, an' we've been s' poor all these years I couldn't seem t' never get started. Now, when I'm 'most ready t' go, I feel kind a queer—'sif I'd cry."

And cry she did, while little Tewksbury stood patting her trembling hands. Hearing Ripley's step on the porch, she rose hastily, and drying her eyes, plunged at the work again. Ripley came in with a big armful of wood, which he rolled into the wood-box with a thundering crash. Then he pulled off his mittens, slapped them together to knock off the ice and snow, and laid them side by side under the stove. He then removed cap, coat, blouse, and boots, which last he laid upon the wood-box, the soles toward the stove-pipe.

As he sat down without speaking he opened the front doors of the stove, and held the palms of his stiffened hands to the blaze. The light brought out a thoughtful look on his large, uncouth, yet kindly visage. Life had laid hard lines on his brown skin, but it had not entirely soured a naturally kind and simple nature. It had made him penurious and dull and iron-muscled; had stifled all the slender flowers of his nature, yet there was warm soil somewhere hid in his heart.

"It's snowin' like all p'sessed," he remarked, finally. "I guess we'll have a sleigh-ride to-morrow. I calc'late t' drive y' daown in scrumptious style. If yeh must leave, why, we'll give yeh a whoopin' old send-off—won't we, Tukey?"

"I've ben a-thinkin' things over kind o' t'-day, mother, an' I've come t' the conclusion that we *have* been kind a hard on yeh, without knowin' it, y' see. Y' see I'm kind a easy-goin', an' little Tuke he's only a child, an' we 'ain't c'nsidered how you felt."

She didn't appear to be listening, but she was, and he didn't appear, on his part, to be talking to her, and he kept his voice as hard and dry as he could.

"An' I was tellin' Tukey t'-day that it was a dum shame our crops hadn't turned out better. An' when I saw ol' Hatfield go by I hailed him, an' asked him what he'd gimme for two o' m' shoats. Waal, the upshot is, I sent t' town for some things I calc'lated ye'd need. An' here's a ticket to Georgetown, and ten dollars. Why, ma, what's up?"

Mrs. Ripley broke down, and with her hands all wet with dish-water, as they were, covered her face, and sobbed. She felt like kissing him, but she didn't. Tewksbury began to whimper too; but the old man was astonished. His wife had not wept before for years (before him). He rose and walked clumsily up to her, and timidly touching her hair—

"Why, mother! What's the matter? What'v' I done now? I was calc'latin' to sell them pigs anyway. Hatfield jest advanced the money on 'em."

She hopped up and dashed into the bedroom, and in a few minutes returned with a yarn mitten, tied around the wrist, which she laid on the table with a thump, saying: "I don't want yer money. There's money enough to take me where I want to go."

"Whee-ew! Thunder and gimpsum root! Wher'd ye git that? Didn't dig it out of a hole?"

"No. I jest saved it—a dime at a time—see?"

Here she turned it out on the table—some bills, but mostly silver dimes and quarters.

"Thunder and scissors! Must be two er three hundred dollars there," stared he.

"They's jest seventy-five dollars and thirty cents; jest about enough to go back on. Tickets is fifty-five dollars, goin' an' comin'. That leaves twenty dollars for other expenses, not countin' what I've already spent, which is six fifty," said she, recovering her self-possession. "It's plenty."

"But y' ain't calc'lated on no sleepers nor hotel bills."

"I ain't goin' on no sleeper. Mis' Doudney says it's jest scandalous the way things is managed on them cars. I'm goin' on the old-fashioned cars, where they ain't no half-dressed men runnin' around."

"But *you* needn't be afraid of them, mother; your age—"

"There! you needn't throw my age an' homeliness into my face, Ethan Ripley. If I hadn't waited an' tended on you so long, I'd look a little more's I did when I married yeh."

Ripley gave it up in despair. He didn't realize fully enough how the proposed trip had unsettled his wife's nerves. She didn't realize it herself.

"As for the hotel bills, they won't be none. I ain't a-goin' to pay them pirates as much for a day's board as we'd charge for a week's, an' have nawthin' to eat but dishes. I'm goin' to take a chicken an' some hard-boiled eggs, an' I'm goin' right through to Georgetown."

"Well, all right, but here's the ticket I got."

"I don't want yer ticket."

"But you've got to take it."

"Waal, I hain't."

"Why, yes, ye have. It's bought, an' they won't take it back."

"Won't they?" She was staggered again.

"Not much they won't. I ast 'em. A ticket sold is sold."

"Waal, if they won't—"

"You bet they won't."

"I s'pose I'll haff to use it;" and that ended it.

They were a familiar sight as they rode down the road toward town next day. As usual, Mrs. Ripley sat up straight and stiff as "a half-drove wedge in a white-oak log." The day was cold and raw. There was some snow on the ground, but not enough to warrant the use of sleighs. It was "neither sleddin' nor wheelin'." The old people sat on a board laid across the box, and had an old quilt or two drawn up over their knees. Tewksbury lay in the back part of the box (which was filled with hay), where he jounced up and down, in company with a queer old trunk and a brand-new imitation-leather hand-bag. There is no ride quite so desolate and uncomfortable as a ride in a lumber wagon on a cold day in autumn, when the ground is frozen, and the wind is strong and raw with threatening snow. The wagon wheels grind along in the snow, the cold gets in under the seat at the calves of one's legs, and the ceaseless bumping of the bottom of the box on the feet is frightful.

There was not much talk on the way down, and what little there was related mainly to certain domestic regulations to be strictly followed, regarding churning, pickles, pancakes, etc. Mrs. Ripley wore a shawl over her head, and carried her queer little black bonnet in her hand. Tewksbury was also wrapped in a shawl. The boy's teeth were pounding together like castanets by the time they reached Cedarville, and every muscle ached with the fatigue of shaking. After a few purchases they drove down to the railway station, a frightful little den (common in the West), which was always too hot or too cold. It happened to be hot just now—a fact which rejoiced little Tewksbury.

Now git my trunk *stamped* 'r *fixed*, 'r whatever they call it," she said to Ripley, in a commanding tone, which gave great delight to the inevitable crowd of loafers beginning to assemble. "Now remember, Tukey, have grandad kill that biggest turkey night before Thanksgiving, an' then you run right over to Mis' Doudney's—she's got a nawful tongue, but she can bake a turkey first-rate—an' she'll fix up some squash-pies for yeh. You can warm up one o' them mince-pies. I wish ye could be with me, but ye can't, so do the best ye can."

Ripley returning now, she said: "Waal, now, I've fixed things up the best I could. I've baked bread enough to last a week, an' Mis' Doudney has promised to bake for yeh."

"I don't like her bakin'."

"Waal, you'll haff to stand it till I get back, 'n' you'll find a jar o' sweet pickles an' some crab-apple sauce down suller, 'n' you'd better melt up brown sugar for 'lasses, 'n' for goodness' sake don't eat all them mince-pies up the fust week, 'n' see that Tukey ain't froze goin' to school. An' now you'd better get out for home. Good-bye, an' remember them pies."

As they were riding home, Ripley roused up after a long silence.

"Did she—a—kiss you good-bye, Tukey?"

"No, sir," piped Tewksbury.

"Thunder! didn't she?" After a silence. "She didn't me, neither. I guess she kind a sort a forgot it, bein' so flustrated, y' know."

One cold, windy, intensely bright day, Mrs. Stacey, who lives about two miles from Cedarville, looking out of the window, saw a queer little figure struggling along the road, which was blocked here and there with drifts. It was an old woman laden with a good half-dozen parcels, any one of which was a load, which the wind seemed determined to wrench from her. She was dressed in black, with a full skirt, and her cloak being short, the wind had excellent opportunity to inflate her garments and sail her off occasionally into the deep snow outside the track, but she held on bravely till she reached the gate. As she turned in, Mrs. Stacey cried:

"Why! it's Gran'ma Ripley, just getting back from her trip. Why! how do you do? Come in. Why! you must be nearly frozen. Let me take off your hat and veil."

"No, thank ye kindly, but I can't stop. I must be gittin' back to Ripley. I expec' that man has jest let ev'rything go six ways f'r Sunday."

"Oh, you *must* sit down just a minute and warm."

"Waal, I will, but I've got to git home by sundown. Sure I don't s'pose they's a thing in the house to eat."

"Oh dear! I wish Stacey was here, so he could take you home. An' the boys at school."

"Don't need any help, if 'twa'n't for these bundles an' things. I guess I'll jest leave some of 'em here, an'— Here! take one of these apples. I brought 'em from Lizy Jane's suller, back to Yaark State."

"Oh! they're delicious! You must have had a lovely time."

"Pretty good. But I kep' thinkin' o' Ripley an' Tukey all the time. I s'pose they have had a gay time of it" (she meant the opposite of gay). "Waal, as I told Lizy Jane, I've had my spree, an' now I've got to git back to work. They ain't no rest for such as we are. As I told Lizy Jane, them folks in the big houses love Thanksgivin' dinners every day uv their lives, and men an' women in splendid clo's to wait on 'em, so't Thanksgivin' don't mean anything to 'em; but we poor critters, we make a great to-do if we have a good dinner oncet a year. I've saw a pile o' this world, Mrs. Stacey—a pile of it! I did't think they was so many big houses in the world as I saw b'tween here an' Chicago. Waal, I can't set here gabbin'; I must get home to Ripley. Jest kinder stow them bags away. I'll take two an' leave them three others. Good-by. I must be gittin' home to Ripley. He'll want his supper on time." And off up the road the indomitable little figure trudged, head held down to the cutting blast. Little snow fly, a speck on a measureless expanse, crawling along with painful breathing and slipping, sliding steps—"Gittin' home to Ripley an' the boy."

Ripley was out to the barn when she entered, but Tewksbury was building a fire in the old cook-stove. He sprang up with a cry of joy, and ran to her. She seized him and kissed him, and it did her so much good she hugged him close, and kissed him again and again, crying hysterically.

"Oh, gran'ma, I'm so glad to see you! We lived awfully since you've b'en gone."

She released him, and looked around. A lot of dirty dishes were on the table, the table-cloth was a "sight to behold," and so was the stove—kettle-marks all over the table-cloth, splotches of pancake batter all over the stove.

"Waal, I sh'd say as much," she dryly vouchsafed, untying her bonnet strings.

When Ripley came in she had on her regimentals, the stove was brushed, the room swept, and she was elbow-deep in the dish-pan. "Hullo, mother! Got back, hev yeh?"

"I sh'd say it was about time," she replied, briefly, without looking up or ceasing work. "Has ol' 'Crumpy' dried up yit?" This was her greeting.

She had taken up the burden of life again. Her trip was a fact now; no chance could rob her of it. She had looked forward twenty-three years toward it, and now she could look back at it accomplished. She took up her burden again, never more thinking to lay it down till her poor work-weary, bony hands should be folded finally on her lean, pathetic old bosom. Her next trip will be so far away she will never return—far past the gates of space and time.

HAMLIN GARLAND.

THANKSGIVING DINNER FOR THE RANCH.

THE foreman of the ranch had a New England "broughtin'-up," as he so expressed it. His first ideas of life had been derived from a lumber camp in the Maine woods. Then he had drifted, while still a lad, to Michigan, and had been carried on further to Montana. There were certain conventionalities which he adhered to. There had to be a good spread for Thanksgiving. Fourth of July! Why, that was a busy time. There were rounds up then, and hard work crowded out patriotism. But Thanksgiving! That was a holiday of quite a different character. It is wonderful in the history of man how retentive is his memory, how conservative he becomes, when there is connection between "the day we celebrate" and the particular food adapted to the situation. That boss had only to hint to the boys "that they had better be looking round for some fresh meat for Thanksgiving." The whole outfit understood what he meant. Of bacon and canned stores there was plenty, and though good for every day, not fitted for Thanksgiving. On a ranch fresh meat does not always mean flesh of cow or steer. The fact is that only at certain seasons do the boys get their fill of beef. Fresh meat in the far West means game, and elk, deer, and antelope are included in the category.

There is nothing cow-boys like better than to hunt, and indefatigable and skilful sportsmen are they. At once three or four small expeditions are organized. The boys know the ground perfectly, for they have ridden over the whole of it looking up stray cattle. As quick to follow a trail as an Indian, every indication of game has been remembered by them. November is a little bit late, for there are occasional snowfalls, and the wind is bitter at times; but the fun of the thing makes the boys indifferent to weather.

Mr. REMINGTON has sketched the return of one of the small parties. The two have been gone a couple of days or so hunting, and had prepared their outfit. On the extra horse that brings up the rear is that most comprehensive thing known as the outfit. It is not in this instance very extensive; a coffee-pot, much battered, a frying-pan, rather bumpy, a little bacon, some flour, and an extra blanket or so. It is just at the time when antelope are hard to get, but they have stalked and shot a good one; and in certain seasons there is no juicier or better-flavored meat than that a prong-horn buck furnishes. They have also secured jack-rabbits and a bird or so. Appetites on a ranch are hearty, and though many of the boys have left the outfit for the winter, what these two bring might not satisfy hungers which are of Homeric proportions. What these two cow-boys have bagged is but a quota of the whole, for just as likely as not a royal elk has fallen before another party's Winchesters. It may be depended upon that the rough tables at the ranch on that Thanksgiving Day will be well garnished, and the New England boss fully satisfied. There is not much sentiment about the cow puncher. He lives for the day, indifferent about to-morrow. His life is a hard one, and Thanksgiving Day is not more sacred to him than any other day; still he listens to the boss, who, generally a silent and maybe a taciturn man, unbends for the moment. He tells his following of former New England times, and shows no small pride when he descants on the Puritan blood that runs through his veins, and informs them that for thousands of miles all over the great land on that day, amid good cheer and pleasant company, there will be spoken words of gratitude for the many blessings God has showered on the people of this country.

THANKSGIVING ON THE BORDER.

THE Thanksgiving anniversary is a restful, delightful day, even taken at its worst, in a great city with the rain falling. The turkey, and its intimate associate the cranberry sauce, seem to have a better flavor on Thanksgiving, as if they realized that that was their day, and that they were depended upon to furnish the greater part of the entertainment.

But Thanksgiving Day at its best must be celebrated off in the country, in an old-fashioned farm-house bound in by the snow. A ride of two or three miles over a newly broken road to church in the morning gives one an appetite that could never be acquired in the city by even the closest application to cock-tails or patent medicines.

The merriest Thanksgiving of all, however, is enjoyed by such a party as the artist has pictured up in Maine, near the Canadian border. Children, grandchildren, and even great-grandchildren, the representatives of four generations, will gather around the festive board at the old homestead. And no one can appreciate a real old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner in the country so well as those unfortunates who are confined in the cities for the best part of the year. A Thanksgiving outing over the snow to the old homestead ought to add a year to the lives of every one of the participants therein.

In Mr. MACDONALD's picture some of the passengers have evidently been compelled to get off the train before reaching their destination. It was more than an ordinary snow-storm which attended that particular Thanksgiving Eve. The road is to all appearance blockaded, and it will be reckoned a special piece of good fortune by the travellers who are setting off on improvised sleighs if they reach the old homestead in time for the Thanksgiving dinner on the morrow.

"TAKE THEM AT YOUR OWN PRICE."

THERE is something pathetic in the appeal made by an empty pocket-book. The porte-monnaie held, however, by the pretty working-woman Mr. SMEDLEY has drawn is not bereft of coin. It may not be a plethoric wallet, corpulent with wads of bank-bills, nor is it exactly limp and flat, as if an elephant had trodden on it, for in the pocket-book there still glisten a few coins. A study of the basket is something which ought not to be overlooked. Had the artist made the cover fit exactly, then emptiness might have been presaged. It is to be observed that there is a slight tilt in that basket cover. There must be something solid, bulky, inside which refuses to be compressed by any cover; and then, again, that basket is on the ground, which presupposes weight. Then the foundations for the Thanksgiving dinner have already been procured. The two, man and wife, are working people. By special arrangement the wife has met her husband, who looks as if he drove a truck. He may be shrewder than his wife, and more likely to get full value for his money. But just as likely as not he may be inclined on this special occasion to eat for his Thanksgiving dinner something quite different from his ordinary fare. There might be in the man an appreciation for the delicate things of this life which would surprise you. Anyhow, what the French call "the pieces of resistance" having been obtained (and by pieces of resistance is meant the solid material which will bear the cutting of and the coming to again and again) by a premeditated manœuvre on his part, the husband has led his wife before a stall where game is sold. Here hangs on the hooks the wild turkey with its plumes of bronze, and there are various other birds, wild and tame, and a small bear in his pelt, and a distant cousin of Ursus, as far as taste goes, which is the pig, and below, on the counter, there is the head and antlers of the deer and a part of a saddle of venison. That is just such a combination of form and color, those whites, blacks, browns, and reds, which an artist delights to present. It is as attractive to a painter as to the passer-by.

Now what shall it be? Just here at this stall the man intent on Thanksgiving finds that gastronomic ornament which is to deck his feast. It is a natural act for the prospective buyer to rub his chin. It may indicate a delightful hesitation or an effort to stimulate his brain and to bring him to a judicious decision. The market-man is happily concerned. A gaunt, hungry-looking purveyor would be out of place. He must be round, portly, looking as if he ate well; and then he is a walking sign, attesting the excellence of the food he sells. Does that thumb of his, jerked upward, indicate that it is the pig, or the bear cub, or the turkey that they want? We may not know what the two bought, but certainly the purchase made here, though it exhausted their money, rounded off their feast. "Take them at your own price," was what the market-man said, and the pretty wife opened her pocket-book and showed her husband that there was just money enough to secure that final bargain.

Thanksgiving Day in the great markets of New York city has its pomp and magnificence. Everything edible is made to look its best. The massive sides of beef, decorated with flowers, hang from the hooks. There is a wealth of greenery, and good food is made to look all the more inviting from its adornment.

HUDSON BAY TRADING STORE.

SUCH wealth of peltry as finds its way to the London marts comes in part from the many trading posts established on the Hudson Bay territory. By degrees the old name Hudson Bay Territory is likely to be forgotten, the Hudson Bay Company having in a measure lost its former prestige, as has been the case with the famous East India Company Generally the vast extent of country is known as the Northwest Territories of the Dominion of Canada. At one time the Hudson Bay Company may have been said to have been the rulers of this land, and trade was virtually in their hands. Whether the opening up of the Territory would not have been more rapid if the control of it had been in other hands, is pretty certain, but this may be said in favor of the Hudson Bay Company, and it is, that the rights of the Indians have always been respected. Without, however, presenting in too favorable a light the action of the Hudson Bay Company in the past, it is obvious that the inducements held out to settlers were but slight. The climate, the character of the soil, are such that it will always remain one of the sparsely inhabited sections of the world.

The Hudson Bay Territory (for the name is hard to change) was more famous in the past than it is to-day as a fur-producing region. The fauna was one admirably adapted to the exigencies of the climate. The *feræ naturæ* are pretty much the same as those found in Siberia. Here are the wolverines, ermines, fishers, otters, from which the choicest furs are derived. In our own country it is not unlikely that with increased communications we will derive in years to come equally fine pelts from Alaska.

To facilitate barter with the Maskegons, Assiniboines, and other Indians, there are numerous trading posts in the Northwest territories. The proprietors of such establishments are generally Scotchmen, who, joining good business qualities to thrift, do fairly well. It is creditable to the provincial government that a certain check is put on these traders, and the quantity of spirits sold insignificant.

With the Indians everything is done by means of barter, for the noble savage has but scant ideas of liberality in his exchanges. It is rarely that he comprehends business in a wholesale way. If he has a dozen mink skins, and he had agreed to take a blanket for three skins, he would not accept at once four blankets for his dozen pelts; but with each three skins the exact equivalent of one blanket would have to be handed over to him. Bartering, then, is a long and tedious business. The Indian is not as suspicious as he is ignorant. He will sometimes decline buying even his gunpowder by weight, but will have it measured out to him by the load, for although in some sections he has become familiar with breech-loading arms and metallic cartridges, old Tower guns are still in use in this far distant land.

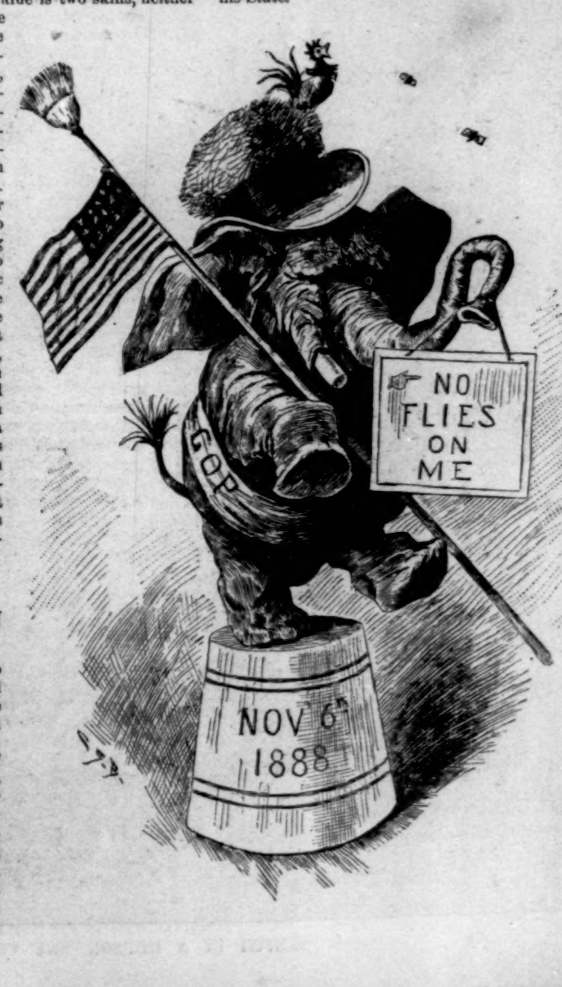
Mr. REMINGTON shows us one of the trading posts, with a group of Indians, who are the customers. In HARPER'S WEEKLY of the 17th of November an interesting paper may be found on sign language as used by the Indians The white man acquires this pantomime rapidly, for it is often the only means he has of communication. The store-keeper vaunts the special excellence of the package he holds, and with two uplifted fingers explains that its value is two skins, neither more nor less, and the Indian is taking the price under consideration. Alongside of him, with a stolid pose, is another savage, who watches the bargaining. Beyond him is a half-breed, and further on a mounted policeman. Aside from the matter of fact bargainings to be found in such trading posts, there is always to be discovered an artistic side. There is savage picturesqueness in the Indian He knows what is a good red or a blue, and sometimes, though he be shivering, would rather keep cold than give his skins for a blanket not to his taste. Then again squaws show a fastidiousness as to the exact color of their strings of beads which is surprising.

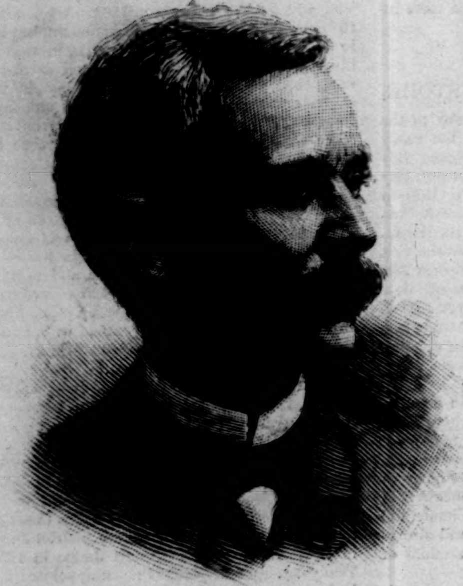
SOME WESTERN GOVERNORS.

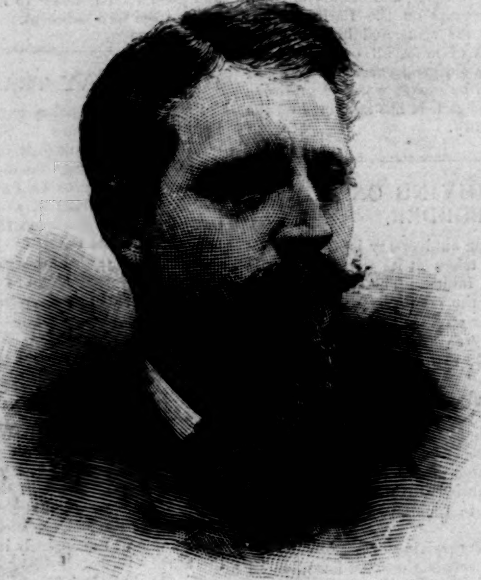
THE Republican who has defeated General JOHN M. PALMER in the Gubernatorial contest in Illinois, Mr. JOSEPH W. FIFER, is a native of Virginia, who became a soldier in the late war at the age of fifteen. When a small boy, FIFER's father went with his family to McLean County, Illinois, and took up a small farm in the wilderness. Besides JOSEPH W., there was another son, GEORGE H. who, with JOSEPH, enlisted in 1861. GEORGE was the elder, and became a First Lieutenant, but late in the war he lost his life. JOSEPH, in spite of his youth, shouldered a musket, and carried it until 1863, when at Jackson, Mississippi, he was severely wounded. His recovery was unlooked-for, and yet he lived to return to the front and serve for several months beyond the time for which he had enlisted. After the war he entered the Illinois Wesleyan University as a student along with a younger brother, and was graduated in 1868. He then read law, and opened an office in Bloomington, where in 1871 he was chosen Corporation Counsel. A year later he was elected Attorney-General for the State, and in 1880 became a State Senator. In 1884 he retired from politics to resume his law practice. Mr. FIFER has had severe poverty to contend with, and is an interesting example of a self-made man. He is married, and has two children.

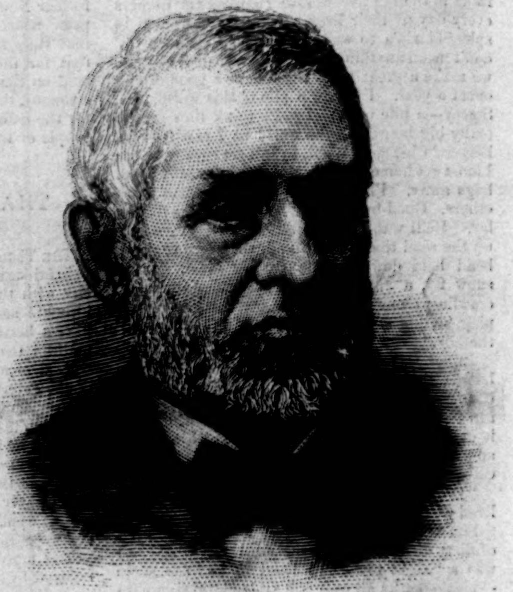
The newly elected Governor of Indiana, General ALVIN P HOVEY, is at present a member of Congress. He is a native of Indiana, having been born near Mount Vernon in September, 1821. In early life he taught school and studied law. He was admitted to practice in 1842. After serving as a First Lieutenant in the Mexican war, he became a delegate to the Indiana State Constitutional Convention in 1850, a State District Judge in 1851, and a Supreme Court Judge in 1854. Two years later President PIERCE appointed him United States District Attorney in Indiana, but President BUCHANAN removed him, giving the place to D W. VOORHEES. HOVEY in those days was a DOUGLAS Democrat. At the outbreak of the war he was made Colonel of the Twenty-fourth Indiana Volunteers, and he rose to be a Brigadier-General and a Brevet Major-General. He served under FREMONT and HUNTER in Missouri in 1861, under GRANT at Shiloh and Vicksburg, and under SHERMAN in the March to the Sea President JOHNSON made him Minister to Peru in 1865, and he held the office until 1870, when he resigned to practise law. When he entered politics again it was to become the member of Congress he now is.

The Governor whom the Republicans have elected in Minnesota, W. R. MERRIAM, is a native of New York State He was born at Wadhams Mills, in Essex County, in July, 1849, so that he is a comparatively young man, not having yet turned his fortieth year. When he was twelve years old his parents removed to St. Paul, in which town his remaining boyhood was passed. He was educated in the local schools, and in 1866 entered Racine College, in Wisconsin, as a Freshman. Four years later, when he had reached his twenty-first year, he was graduated, and at once returned to St. Paul and entered upon a business career. Obtaining a clerkship in the First National Bank, he soon rose to the position of assistant cashier, and later entered the employ of the Merchants' National Bank as its cashier. With the latter institution he is still connected, having become its Vice-President in 1882 and its President in 1883. Of this bank he is still the President. Mr. MERRIAM has had some local distinctions in the political line already. Two years ago he became a Republican member of the Lower House of the Legislature of Minnesota, and was chosen its Speaker. Since his election as Governor there have been newspaper rumors that Mr. MERRIAM might be chosen to succeed Mr. SABIN in the United States Senate, but the truth of these may be safely doubted. They may serve, however, further to show the influence which Mr. MERRIAM has already obtained in the politics of his State.



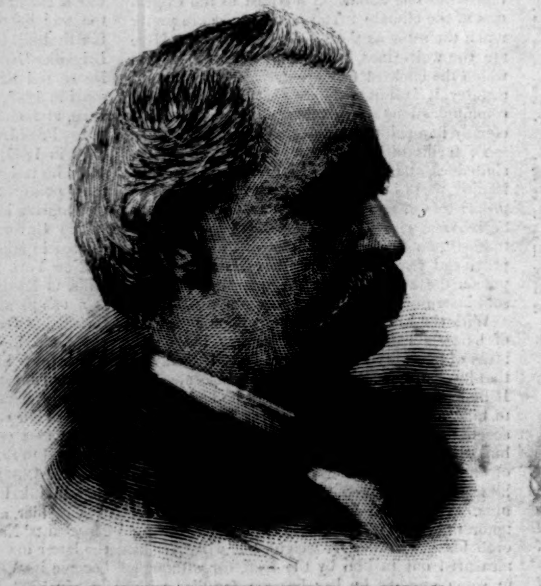

JOSEPH W. FIFER, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF ILLINOIS.
From a Photograph by Mayes, Bloomington.

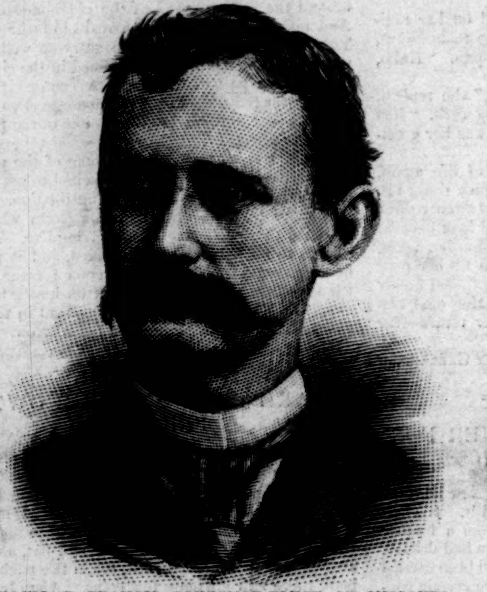

W. R. MERRIAM, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF MINNESOTA.
From a Photograph by Zimmerman & Whitsteck, St. Paul.


CYRUS G. LUCE, RE-ELECTED GOVERNOR OF MICHIGAN.
From a Photograph by Wynn & Co., Detroit.

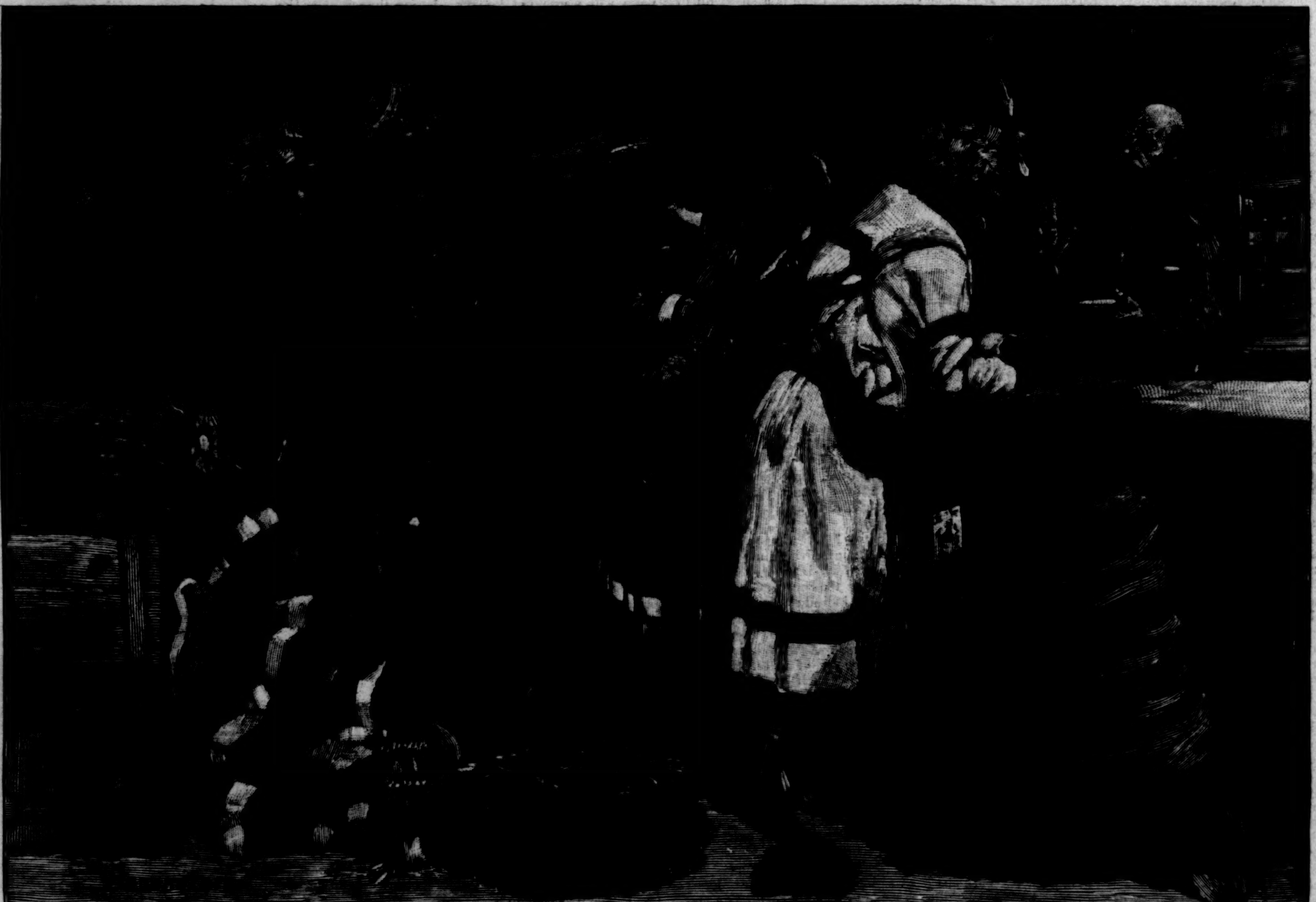
The Gubernatorial election in Michigan has resulted in the choice of Cyrus G. Luce for a second term. Like Mr. Hoard, the newly elected Governor of Wisconsin, Mr. Luce is a man whose life has been largely devoted to the interests of agriculture. His home is on a farm in Branch County, and he has been an active and influential member of the State Grange, having been for several years its Master. Mr. Luce is interested in other industries, and has been successful. Before he was elected Governor he had been a member of the Lower House of the Legislature and a State Senator, being elected to these offices several times. He has also been an active member of several State bodies.

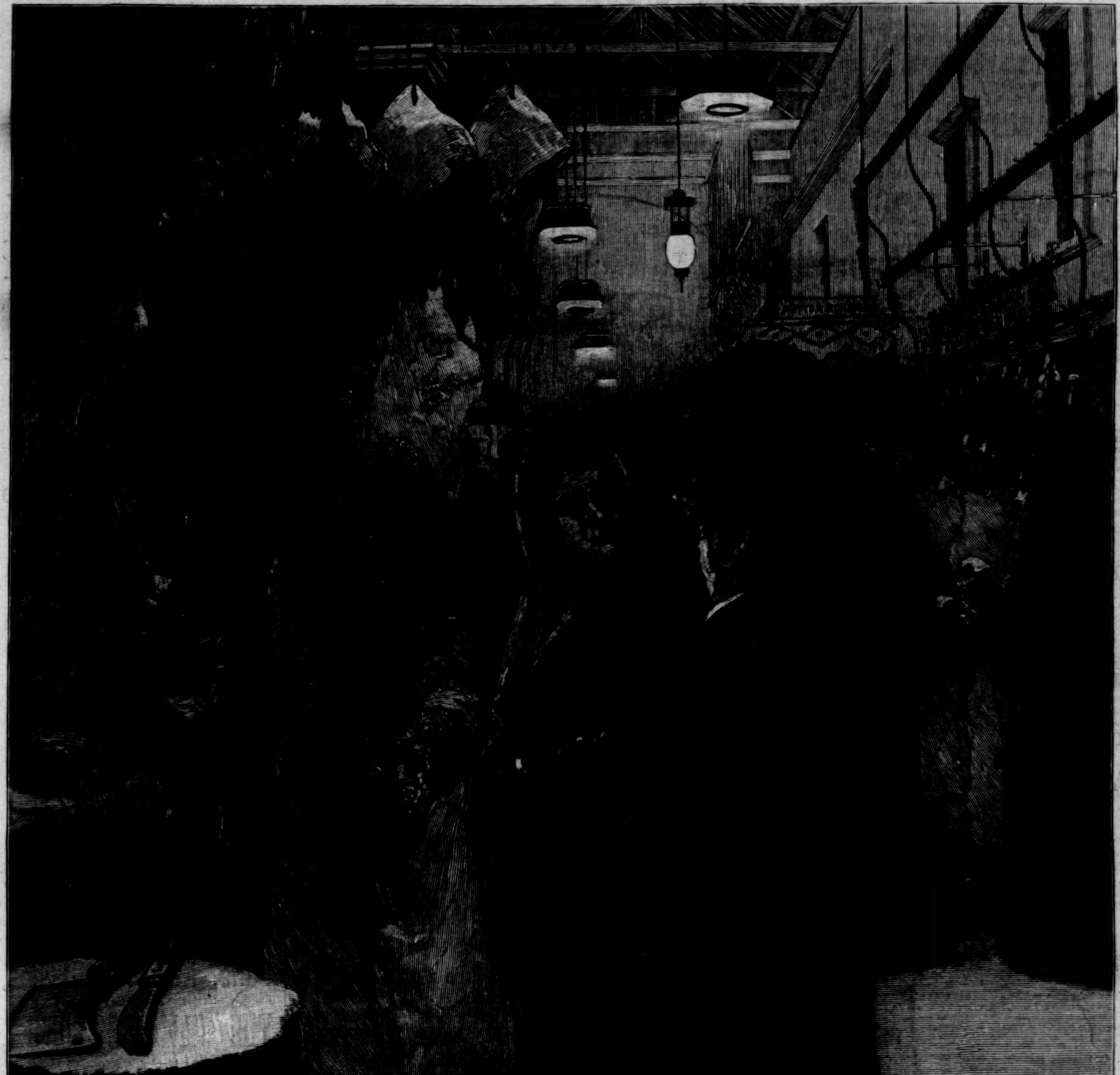
The new Governor of Missouri, Mr. David R. Francis, is a young man to secure such an office. He was born in October, 1850, and thus will have about served his term out by the time he is forty. He is by birth a Kentuckian, but was taken to Missouri in very early youth. He was graduated from Washington University in 1870, when not yet twenty years old. Emerging from college a poor boy, he entered a commission house in St. Louis as shipping clerk, and in a few years became a partner. In 1887 he opened a commission house on his own account, and later became the head of an export company handling grain in New Orleans. He has been successively Director, Vice-President, and President of the Merchants' Bank of St. Louis. In 1884 he was a delegate to the Democratic Convention at Chicago which nominated Grover Cleveland, of whose candidacy he was an active and prominent supporter. In the following year he was chosen Mayor of St. Louis by a large majority, and his three years' administration has been remarkable for the number and importance of his vetoes. These have concerned gas projects and railway franchises as well as other enterprises. Mr. Francis was married in 1876, and has a handsome home in St. Louis.


ALVIN P. HOVEY, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF INDIANA.


DAVID R. FRANCIS, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF MISSOURI.

SOME NEWLY ELECTED WESTERN GOVERNORS.—[See Page 895.]


SKETCH IN A HUDSON BAY COMPANY TRADING STORE.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 895.]


W. P. Snyder
H. Goetze Sc.

"TAKE 'EM AT YOUR OWN PRICE."—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 895.]

"LAY DOWN THY BURDEN."

NAY, not the burden, Lord! Let me but keep
  The work I love; I am not tired or worn.
How can I bear in dreamless peace to sleep,
  Missing the very burden I have borne?

Love, life, and hope—at Thy command I lay
  All of earth's sweetness, dear Lord, at thy feet,
To follow patiently Thy darkened way,
  Believing this, too, is but incomplete.

But tell me not life's labor I must close.
  Fill these poor hands with work, that else will
      miss
Too bitterly the clinging clasp of those
  Dearest because they looked to me for this.

Lord, be Thou merciful! with failing breath
  Thy sovereign will I trust, believing Thou
Wilt add not to the bitterness of death
  The sharper sting that no one needs me now!

A. W. R.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT

From the Atlantic seaboard daily journey thousands of immigrants, hosts of enterprising tourists for pleasure, occasional European seekers for material for books on America, multitudes of hardy native and foreign agriculturists and artisans, all eager, all expectant, but all unaccustomed to the new climate of the frontier, and all unfit—unless protected with a medicinal safeguard—to encounter malaria, the chief foe to health in regions newly cleared and opened up for settlement. These western-bound travellers will find in Hostetter's Stomach Bitters the safety from malarial infection they might vainly seek from other sources. Tried in all parts of the world, under exigencies the best fitted to show its value, it has failed nowhere under the most exacting conditions. In so many lands is it in request that the demand for it may well be termed universal. Not only malaria, but constipation, dyspepsia, biliousness, rheumatism, debility, nervousness, and inaction of the kidneys, are thoroughly relieved by it.—[*Adv.*]

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Have been before the public of England for half a century, and it has lately been demonstrated that they are nine times more used than all the other Patent Medicines put together, and are to be found in every English-speaking country in the world. In order to meet the wishes and requirements expressed by Americans, many of whom already know their value, BEECHAM'S PILLS are now introduced in such a thorough manner that no home need be without them in America, where a shrewd and discerning people will soon join in the universal testimony that BEECHAM'S PILLS ARE WORTH A GUINEA A BOX. —[*Adv.*]

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A CLERGYMAN, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren St., New York City, will receive the recipe free of charge.—[*Adv.*]

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Cough, or Cold, "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are offered with the fullest confidence in their efficacy.—[*Adv.*]

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For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
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[*Adv.*]

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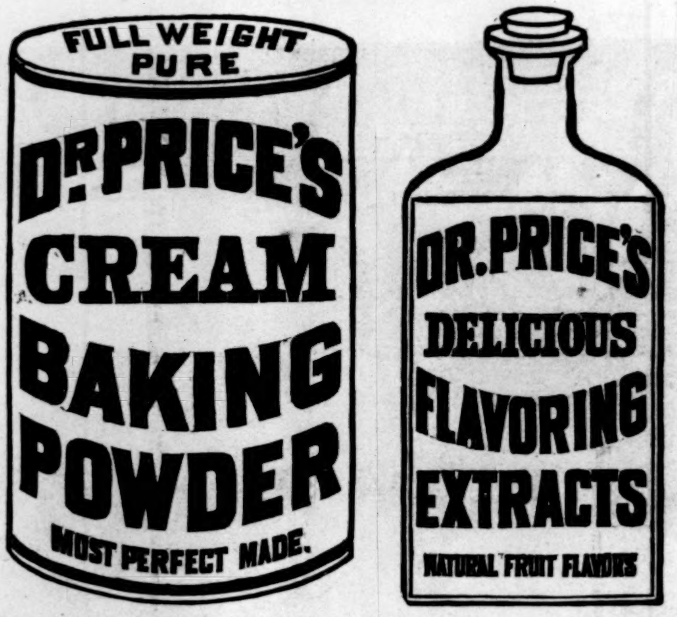

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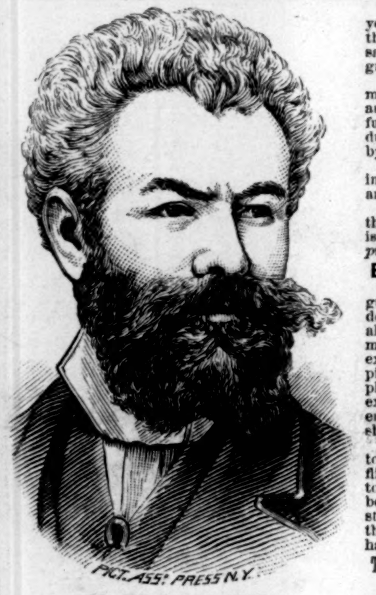

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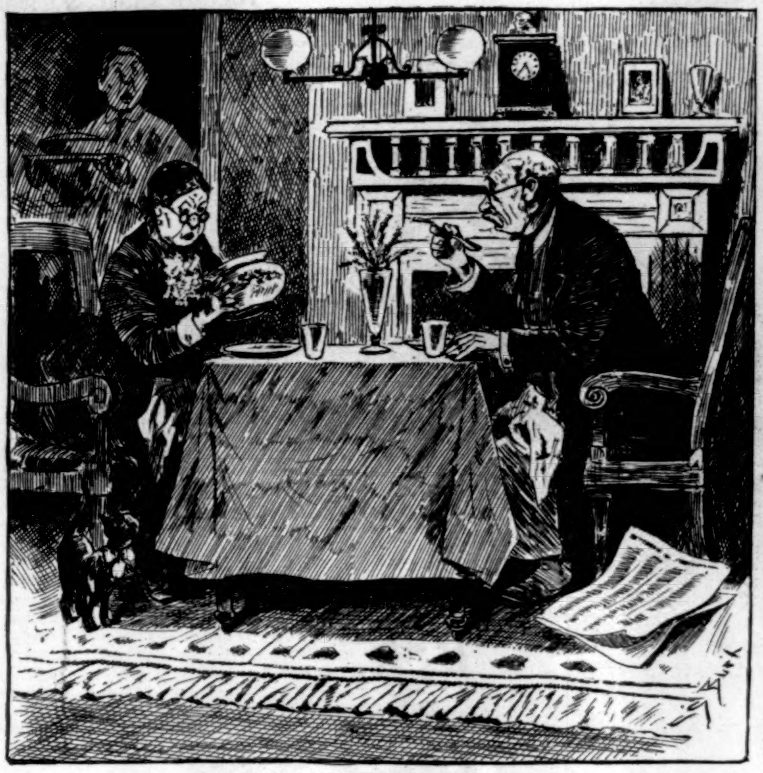

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SHE. "No, not everything."
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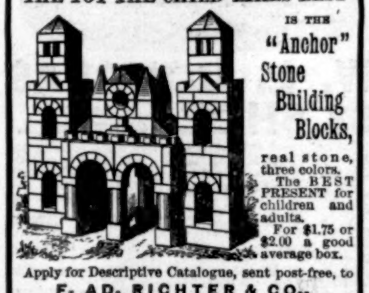

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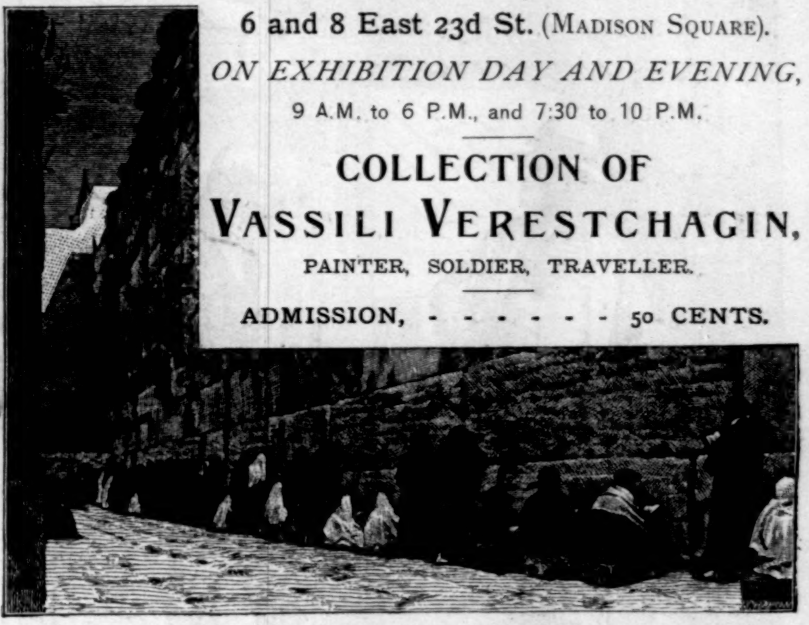

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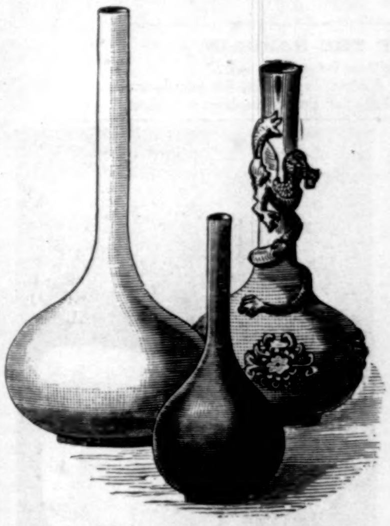

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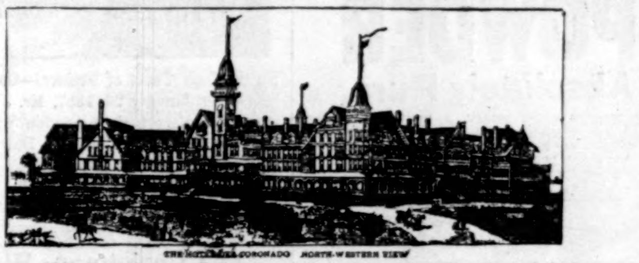

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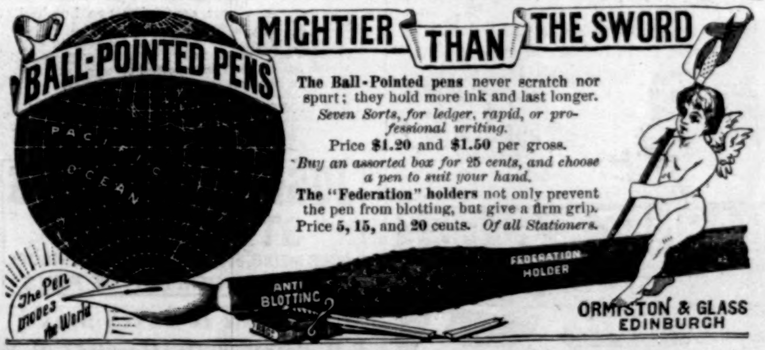

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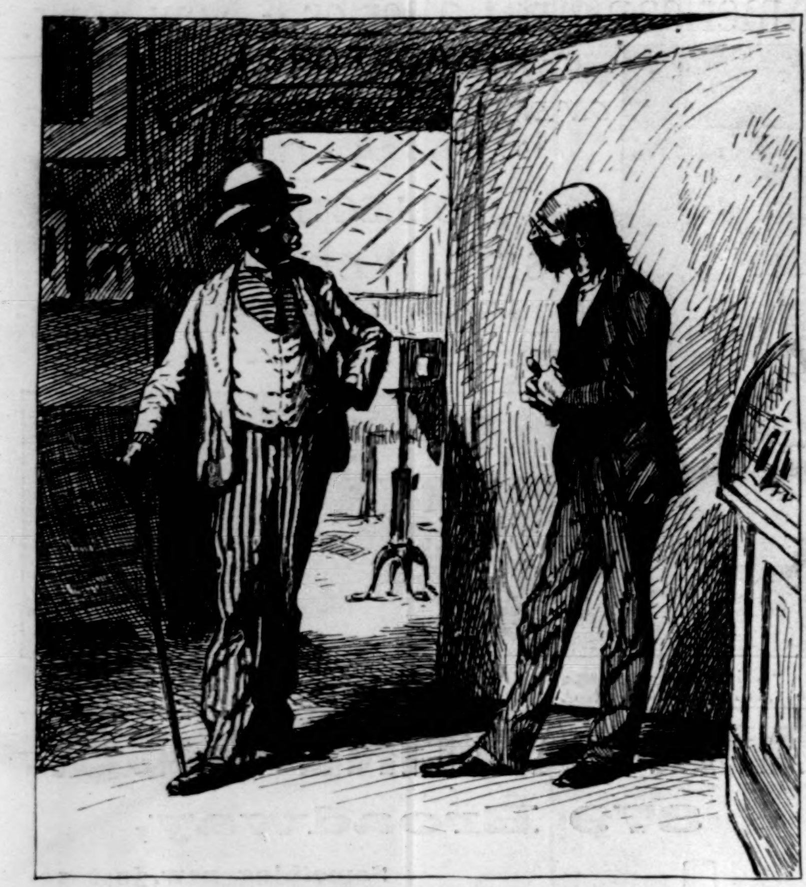

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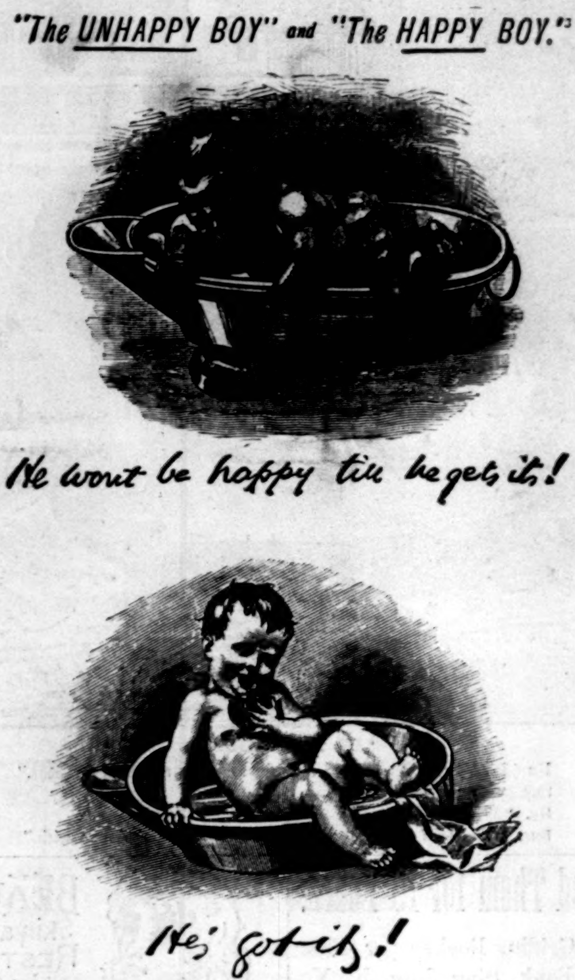
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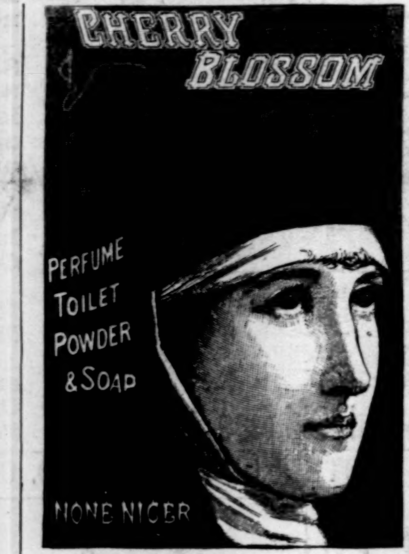

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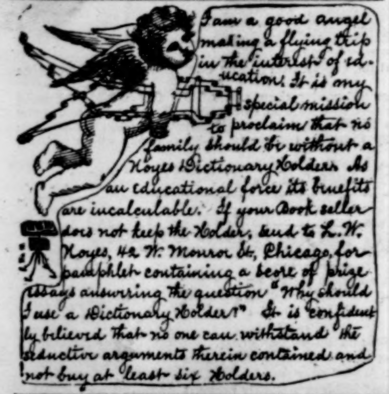

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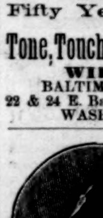

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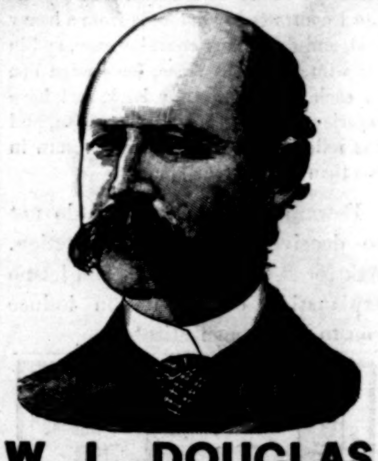

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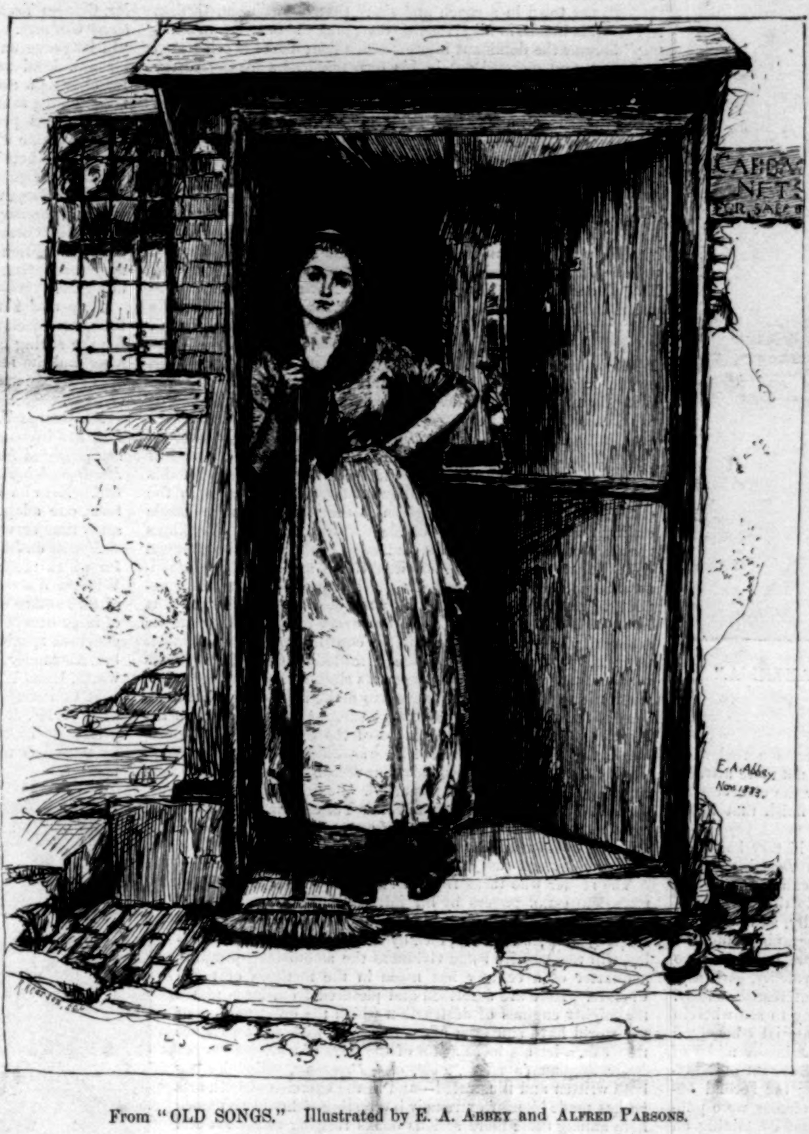
THE year now drawing rapidly to its close has been a year of much earnest and thoughtful devotion to reading that is profitable. Perhaps not in a score of years has a Presidential campaign been marked by an equal interest in the sober, practical facts of our industrial and political life. The condition of the nation's treasury, the causes that have led to the surplus, the best method for reducing the same and for obviating a like situation in the future, at the same time that the interests of our home and foreign trade are sedulously guarded and encouraged, have, in one way or another, been topics upon which the wisest and the least learned alike have sought information, formed conclusions, and engaged in debate. A natural result of this has been a retention by the public of a more active interest in general literature than is commonly the case in Presidential years. It is general testimony that the present year has been an exception to a rule in such matters heretofore commonly accepted. An intellectual campaign has been favorable to intellectual pursuits in general, and the HARPER record of the year's books offers, perhaps, the best possible indication of this activity. Above all, they have been informing books; works of history having a genuine and permanent value, books of travel into far-off and unfrequented regions, fiction by familiar and famous authors, illustrated books to please the eye and the art sense at the same time that they inform and elevate the mind. A brief review of them is really a part of the history of this fast-waning year.

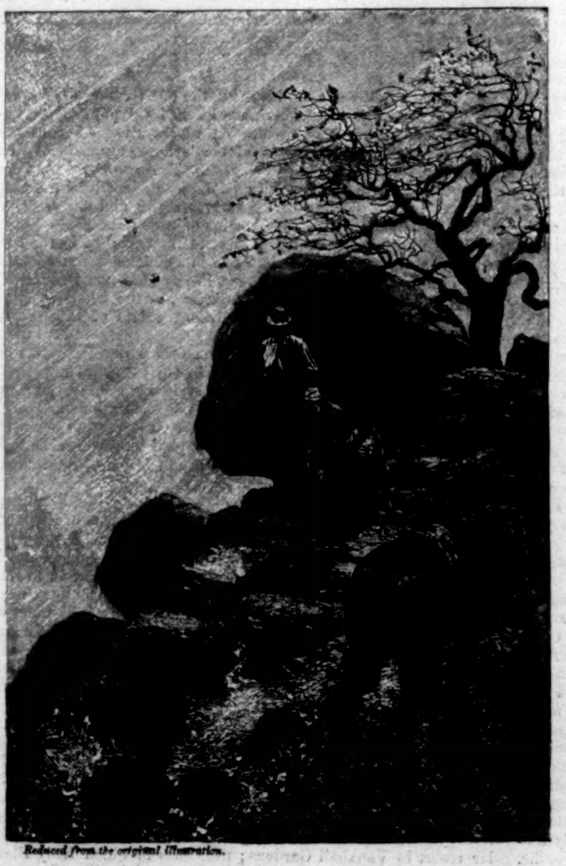

E. A. Abbey.
Nov. 1883.

From "OLD SONGS." Illustrated by E. A. ABBEY and ALFRED PARSONS.

A volume that belongs to new art history is Mr. Abbey's *Old Songs*, which have been collected into a handsome large quarto from the pages of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. That a wholly new interest has thus been given them will be inferred by all who remember the transformation which Mr. Abbey's resplendent *She Stoops to Conquer* underwent in similar circumstances. With the text in larger type, the illustrations on heavier paper, and many new and suggestive decorative pieces from drawings by Alfred Parsons, the work rises at once to a place alongside Mr. Abbey's edition of *Herrick's Poems*. Beginning with George Wither's witty and quaint old song, stanzas of which end so often with "Falero, lero, loo," the reader finds here the familiar "Sally in our Alley," "Old King Cole," "Kitty of Coleraine," and thirteen other antique ballads that have survived the book-making centuries. No one has ever interpreted these writers as has Mr. Abbey. Some considerable volumes have been written on Goldsmith, Herrick, Wither, and other writers represented in Mr. Abbey's work, but no worker with the pen has made so pleasingly obvious to the mind and heart the antique human charm of these old English authors. It is not too much to say that he has done for Goldsmith what great actors in another way have done, that he has made Wither known where he before was unknown, and that Herrick has found in him his most successful interpreter for this late generation.

Among the illustrated holiday books of past years there is one volume that still possesses a place of great eminence, and one that promises to be historical. It was altogether fitting that the signal achievements of wood-engraving in this country over anything done contemporaneously in the Old World should have a special memorial such as the superb volume entitled *Engravings on Wood by the Society of American Wood-Engravers*. Mr. Laffan, in his introduction, has outlined with clearness and appreciation the nature and meaning of these achievements, and has given an emphasis altogether just to the sincerity of purpose, the simplicity and the cheerful self-effacement of the American engraver, whose sole concern has been faithfully to reproduce the picture before him in black and white equivalents. Not the least important outcome of the progress of this art has been an improvement in printing. Mr. Laffan's text in the present volume illustrates this fact. It reminds one of the noble beauty and stateliness of Gutenberg's own print in his historic "Bible."

Another art publication of an earlier time, the merits of which will prevent it from ever growing old, is *The Ancient Mariner* of Coleridge illustrated by Doré. Doré found in this weird and powerful romance of the "heaven-eyed creature" a theme singularly well adapted to his own genius; and the remark is also true of Poe's *Raven*, which the same artist illustrated in a spirit of surprising felicity and sympathetic power. To name these volumes is to recall two of the holiday publications of past years which really made an enduring impression on the public mind.



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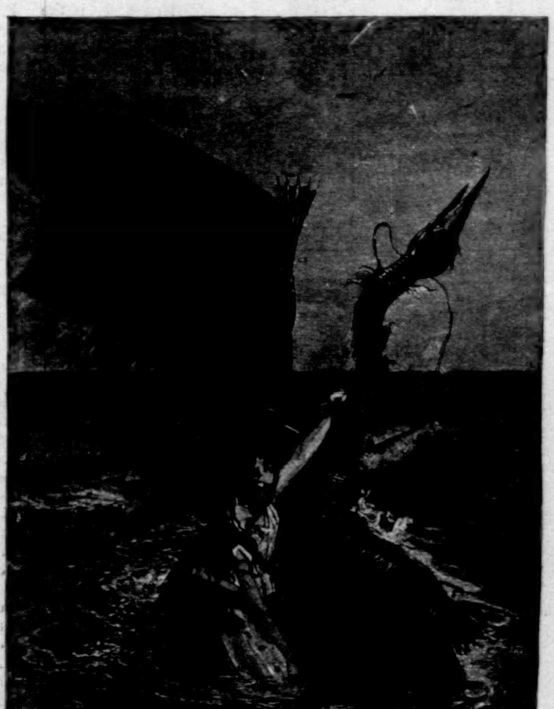
From "VIRGINIA OF VIRGINIA." By AMÉLIE RIVES.

A volume of singular beauty in itself, and one pervaded by the sunniest sympathy with domestic life, is *Home Fairies and Heart Flowers*, with engravings of child heads by Frank French, and poems to accompany them by Margaret E. Sangster. All classes are represented here, the "plebs" as well as those of the golden spoon in mouth, and many nationalities. Even "Ole Mammy's Baby Ned," with an accompanying poem in negro dialect, find a place, as well as the little tot who looks out upon the world from his unmistakable Mongolian eyes. Besides the heads, Mr. French contributes many ornamental pieces constructed of vines, flowers, and other beauties of the field.

The rural home sentiment of America has found a sympathetic and manly voice in Mr. Wallace Bruce. His *Old Homestead Poems* have met with a grateful acceptance at many firesides. Issued with numerous illustrations reproducing actual scenes referred to by the author, they really make a volume that belongs among art publications. Mr. Bruce has marked poetic abilities, and will obviously be heard from again. Home feeling is sincerely strong in him; he is thoroughly patriotic, and his style has a vigor and virility combined with a grace of form that make every line easy and agreeable reading.

Will Carleton's five volumes, *City Ballads*, *Farm Festivals*, *Farm Legends*, *Farm Ballads*, and *Young Folks' Centennial Rhymes*, each with a different purpose and yet each bound to the other by indissoluble ties of consanguinity, now compose a goodly array of verse peculiarly American in treatment and tone. Contemporary literature has seen little that was so racy of the very soil we tread upon (when we of the city are able to tread on any at all), and that pictured homely rural life as we all have seen it, and in seeing have so thoroughly enjoyed. Mr. Carleton's faithfulness to the thing he has seen and studied is like the faithfulness of the great novelists, the Fieldings, the Balzacs, the Thackerays. One admires many things in Will Carleton; but the things of which one never tires are his genuine pathos, his simple humor, and the kindly and brave spirit that so fortifies one through sympathy and consolation.



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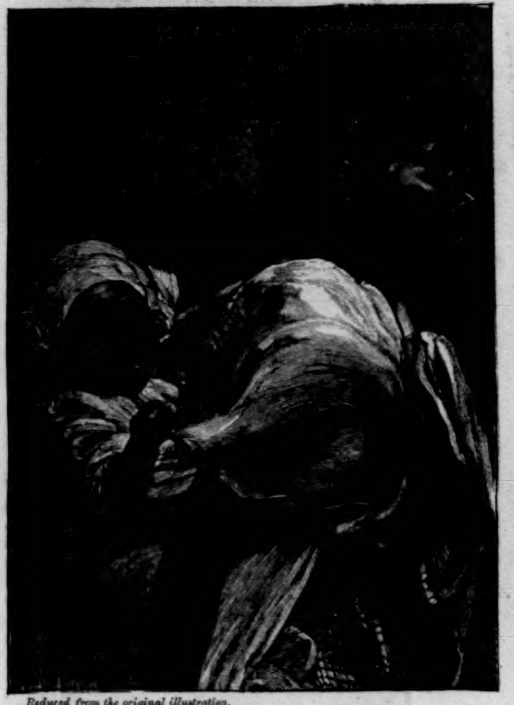
From "A STRANGE MANUSCRIPT." Illustrated by GILBERT GAUL.

The charms of out-door life in rural New England have found a most devoted student in Mr. Gibson. His *Happy Hunting-Grounds*, *Highways and Byways*, and *Pastoral Days*, and his illustrations for the *Heart of the White Mountains*, by Samuel Adams Drake, have revealed a thousand things that none but loving and devoted eyes ever see in the things of earth, air, and sky. Not alone in his exquisite drawings does the complete absorption of the artist reveal itself. It is also seen in his excellent and tender prose. An elder poet has assured us that Nature never yet betrayed the heart that loved her—an affirmation which these volumes confirm as truly as do White's *Selborne* or the writings of Thoreau.

This record of art books shall not end without a mention of the art books for children, which genial Mr. Howard Pyle has written and illustrated in his *Pepper and Salt; or, Seasoning for Young Folks*, and his marvellous time-piece *The Wonder Clock*. Life takes on new aspects when books like these are opened. The sun comes out again whether one will or not, the glowing good-humor and buoyancy of the author elevate and inspire mind and heart alike. This *Wonder Clock*, newest of Mr. Pyle's creations, is a singularly happy and original production. Such sunshine, such sweet simplicity, such harmless and delightful dreaming, make the world an easier place to get along in for old folks as well as young.

Nothing in the domain of historical investigation has commanded wider attention than the *History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages*, by Henry Charles Lea. Mr. Lea was already a well-known writer on themes connected with Church history; and the interest shown in his present three portly volumes has extended far beyond the limits of his own country. Everywhere it has been recognized as a scholarly, scientific, dispassionate, exhaustive work. For the first time it has been seen that an attempt has been made to deal with this ancient and disputed theme in a truly disinterested and thorough-going manner, with a mind having for its sole ambition to ascertain the truth first, and then faithfully to record it. Mr. Lea has proceeded on the rational assumption that effects proceed only from causes, that the institutions of men are the products of the state of their society, that fanaticism and worldly ambition are, in themselves, incapable of building up an institution like the Inquisition, unless other and deeper causes have first prepared the way for it, and not only have planted the seed, but have nourished an already vigorous growth. In the state of European society that preceded the Inquisition, the dominant scandal was the private lives of the priests and bishops; these lives were grossly sensual, ambitious, and mercenary. The rise of heresy was simply a consequence of this fact. The heresy of that time was nothing more than anti-sacerdotalism, hatred of corrupt priests and bishops, and a determination not to follow them reverently or submissively. At first the Church attempted to put down this spirit by force of arms. Heretics were slaughtered, lands were laid waste, armies were put to flight, towns were captured and burned. But there were heretics still. Within the heart of man the spirit demanding sanctity in sacred places remained. Offences that are matters of opinion solely are the most difficult of all to prove and punish. It was to accomplish this great task that the Inquisition was finally set up. Its office was to learn the secrets of human hearts; and the more difficult the task became, the more terrible were the means it employed. There is not space here to enlarge further upon the merits and spirit of



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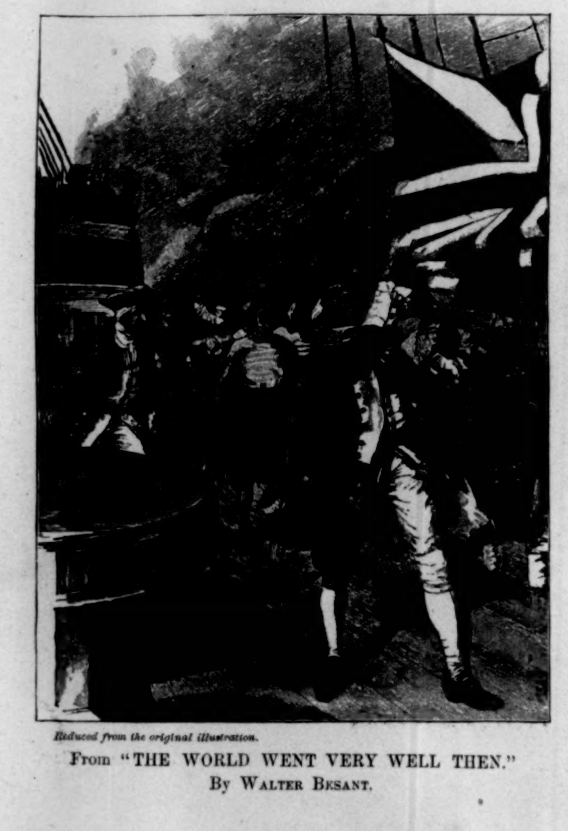
From "THE CAPITALS OF SPANISH AMERICA."

By William Eleroy Curtis.

this very important history, which the author terms a review of "the follies and crimes of our ancestors." It is not more attractive for its candor and disinterestedness, than for the clearness of its style and the uniform literary dignity and finish that mark every page.

Associated with the publication of Mr. Lea's history has been the completion within the year of Kinglake's *Invasion of the Crimea*. Never was history written with such exhaustive pains, such unfailing patience and determination to do the work thoroughly and well, rather than hastily, superficially, and with unlearned brilliancy. Our modern demand for biographies and histories while the events are still on every tongue has found no sympathy at Mr. Kinglake's hands. Quietly, devotedly, patiently, he has plodded on in the true spirit of the disinterested scholar. Now that we have the completed work, it is easy to see wherein the interests of historical writing have been materially benefited at the cost of popular disappointments. It was in the midst of our Civil War, the year 1863, that the first instalment of Kinglake's *Crimea* was published. Five years later the second appeared, and in 1874 and 1880 two additional volumes were published. This year we have two volumes, the last containing an index to the whole work. The story is carried forward "from the morrow of Inkerman to the fall of Canrobert" in Volume V., and "from the opening of Pélissier's command to the death of Lord Raglan" in Volume VI. It may here be mentioned that readers of Kinglake have been much interested in the portrait of that author printed recently as a frontispiece to Harper's Magazine—as fine, manly, scholarly a countenance as one could wish to look upon.

Mrs. John Richard Green's revision of her lamented husband's *Short History of the English People* deserves something more than a perfunctory record of the fact that a revision has been made. It was the historian's last charge to Mrs. Green that she make a revision of this work, and she has aimed to carry out this charge judiciously and thoroughly. Her own connection with the original work is known to have been more than accidental; she was indeed of great practical help to her husband in his historical labors, so that, in making the revision, she brought to the task hands well equipped and a mind well stored. Mrs. Green is the author of independent historical work as well, and there is no doubt that her labor on this new edition is of a most valuable description. She contributes, in the form of an introduction, some interesting notes on her husband's literary life. From these we learn that Mr. Green's first lessons in history were "the gossiping tales of an old dame who had seen George the Third drive through the town in a coach and six;" that it was when Gibbon fell into his hands, in his sixteenth year, that "man and man's history" became the dominant interest of his life; that his celebrated work was first mapped out in his own mind as a history of the Archbishops of Canterbury, under which title he intended to embrace the whole story of Christian civilization in England, and that, when the work was well under way, Dean Stanley could not forgive him for failing to make use of so dramatic an opening as the landing of Julius Cæsar on the shores of Britain. Of course, the reader finds retained in this edition the introduction containing the proud boast of Mr. Green that he has given more space to Chaucer than to Cressy, more to Caxton than to the Wars of the Roses, more to the Poor Law of Elizabeth than to her victory at Cadiz, more to the Methodist revival than to the escape of the Young Pretender, and that he had "restored to their place among the achievements of Englishmen the 'Faerie Queen' and the 'Novnm Organum.'"



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From "THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN."

By Walter Besant.

Mr. John Bigelow has made an important contribution to the vast existing store of literature pertaining to the war, in the small volume which he calls *France and the Confederate Navy*, 1862–1868. *An International Episode*. This volume is a history based on Mr. Bigelow's own knowledge and experiences derived while living in France, of the desperate steps by which the agents of the South were able to induce Napoleon III. to authorize the construction in French dock-yards, for use in the conflict then in progress, of war-ships more powerful than any then existing, and of the means and circumstances by which the successful issue of this enterprise was averted. He shows that slight changes in the course of events might have given to the war a far more tragic ending than the one we are sufficiently familiar with. He thinks that if certain of these ships had been ready when the contract called for their completion, it is doubtful if any diplomatic remonstrances could have prevented their embarkation upon their expected predatory career. Not only might every Confederate port have been opened to commerce, but every important city on the seaboard might have been laid under contribution, and the conflict might have ended in a peace which permitted the Confederate States to go out of the Union. Napoleon was simply waiting to see a time when the South was strong enough to make it probable that these vessels could decide the wavering issue. Another defeat in the last days of the strife for the cause of the Union might have produced the situation for which he was waiting. Then the South would have had one and probably four vessels more formidable than anything England had yet constructed. Possession would have been acquired of Port Royal, and New York itself might have stood at the mercy of these men-of-war. Books of this kind are their own excuse for being. And they are not books to be read one day and cast aside the next.

The reader who turns from Mr. Bigelow's book to the Harper's Magazine papers by Sir Edward J. Reed and Edward Simpson, which have been collected under the title *Modern Ships of War*, with notes, etc., by Lieutenant D. Jerrold Kelley, will realize with some vividness the astonishing progress a quarter of a century has made in the methods of naval warfare. Here are described and pictured from large plates the mighty engines of destruction which the great nations of the world have since set afloat to await, with what patience they can, a letting loose again of the dogs of war.

Mr. Zogbaum's *Horse, Foot, and Dragoons*, which he has both written and illustrated—and in the exercise of both arts he has made himself extremely interesting—should be named here among these more serious books relating to the art and practice of war. Mr. Zogbaum's stories and pictures are the fruits of observation and experience at home and abroad, and are sure to be enjoyed by whomsoever read.

A small volume of historical interest is *The History of Nicolas Muss*, which has been translated from the French of Charles Du Bois-Melly. It describes an episode of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, telling, in the words of the quaint preface, how the hero "with a comrade true, a valiant Swiss, did venture his life during the matins of Paris; how, through God's succor, he had deliverance therefrom; and how, also, he protected the young damsel, afterward his spouse." Master Nicolas himself relates the story to his comrades, who had assembled as his guests, as they frequently did, "to hold discourse of politics, and to revive old times, over the tankard." Master Nicolas, "having deeply quaffed," begins his tale. Numerous foot-notes keep the reader informed of the historical allusions which fill the pages. Written originally in the French of the period described, the translation has been appropriately made into an English now become ancient and unfamiliar. Not only is the work of interest as history, but as an example of quaint and obsolete manners and expressions.

A new volume by Samuel Smiles has seen the light during the year; and in its own way a publication of this sort is an event. It is *Life and Labor; or, Characteristics of Men of Industry, Culture, and Genius*. Within these pages are brought together a truly representative store of facts, anecdotes, and suggestions from the lives of probably six hundred of the world's most distinguished heroes—men and women the fame of whom has penetrated into the remotest corners of civilization. The influences on various persons of hard work, the value and certain effects of heredity, the desirability of precocity, and the antecedents of genius are some of the ever-present human questions that are here considered in the light of famous examples. Samuel Smiles is always an entertaining writer. As a guide to youth he is ever wholesome and inspiring, and, to all readers, whether experienced or not, he is capable of giving hints and instruction. The list of his numerous works contains not a volume but possesses strong interest for every man who thinks of the graver problems of life, and how they are solved triumphantly by some, and hopelessly abandoned by others. Such titles as *Self-Help, Thrift, Duty, Character*, suggest in themselves the heroic and puissant virtues by which the earth has been subdued to man, and by which man's weaker nature has itself been subdued and made to adapt itself to the highest human purposes. No volumes on the Harper list are capable of holding the minds of their readers in wiser or more wholesome and pleasant channels of thought and feeling than Samuel Smiles's.

Mr. William J. Rolfe's scholarly labors as an editor of English classics have as yet shown no signs of abatement. He has added to his series of English classics for school reading *Tales of Chivalry and the Olden Time*, from the works of Scott, and *Tales from English History in Prose and Verse*, selected from the standard authors, including Macaulay, Scott, Southey, Tennyson, and old Michael Drayton. These volumes are illustrated and have many notes. He has also assisted his son, John C. Rolfe, in preparing an illustrated and profusely annotated edition of Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome*. Mr. Rolfe's "Friendly Edition" of Shakespeare's works, however, can never be overlooked in any reference to his editorial achievements. The popularity of this edition has been singularly great, and since the former series of forty volumes has been issued as twenty, under the name of the "Friendly Edition," this popularity has obtained a new hold on the public. With their broad margins, square pages, large type, numerous illustrations, and exhaustive notes, there could not be a more convenient and instructive form in which to read and study the master-poet's works.

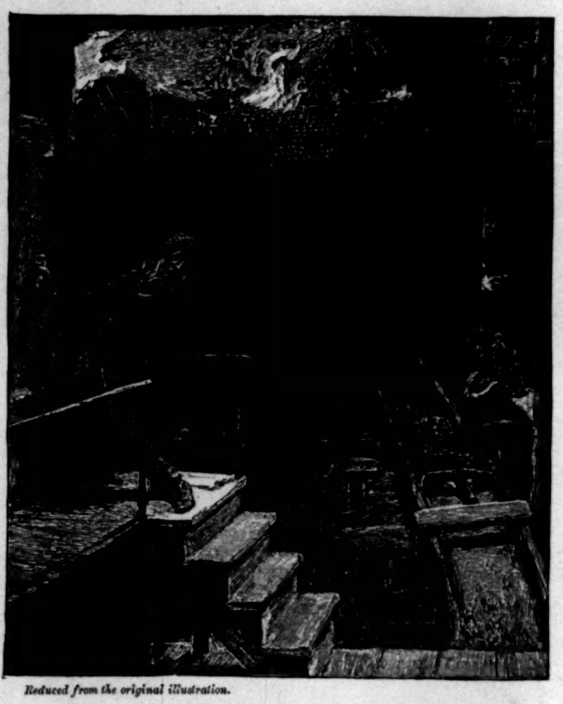
Among educational books may also be ranked with propriety Mr. Gurdon Trumbull's *Names and Portraits of Birds which Interest Gunners*. His aim has been to provide descriptions of birds "in language understanded of the people," thus giving the popular and local names and the variations for different localities. He cites as a reason why the task has never before been undertaken on the same scale a belief that "an unravelling of so tangled a skein was practically impossible." Any casual examination of the volume will convince one of the surprising success of Mr. Trumbull's heroic enterprise.

Colonel Higginson's *Women and Men*, Mrs. Herrick's *Housekeeping Made Easy*, which are uniform in size and general appearance with the popular *Bazar Books of Decorum, Health*, and *The Household;* Miss Corson's *Family Living on* $500 *a Year*, and the new and enlarged edition of Mrs. Sherwood's *Manners and Social Usages*, may appropriately be mentioned among the books suited for holiday gifts.

Trees and Tree-Planting, by General James S. Brisbin, who at the outset declares, "I believe in God and my country," is a plea for the saving of our forests and a protest against "the whir of saws and the resounding stroke of axes," with detailed and valuable suggestions as to the uses, peculiarities, habits, and planting of trees.

Mr. George T. Fish, whose *American Manual of Parliamentary Law* has become a well-known and respected authority and guide, has prepared for publication this year *A Guide to the Conduct of Meetings, being Models of Parliamentary Practice for Young and Old*. His aim here is to present his former subject in another form, one adapted to the school, club, and fireside, while at the same time serving its purpose as a volume of reference.

Hymns and Tunes as Sung at St. Thomas's Church, New York, for which music has been composed and adapted by Mr. George William Warren, has an introductory note by the lamented rector of St. Thomas's, the Rev. Dr. William F. Morgan. The volume is of large octavo size and the type is large, with wide margins and generous spacing. Among the hymns are stanzas by Bishop Heber, Alexander Pope, Dean Milman, Charles Wesley, Bishop Wordsworth, Isaac Watts, Bishop Coxe, the elder Bishop Doane, and the poet Cowper. Another musical publication of the period is the fifth of Mr. McCaskey's *Franklin Square Song Collections*, comprising two hundred favorite songs and hymns, so arranged that no page has to be turned to reach the end of the matter found upon it.



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From "DERRICK STERLING." By Kirk Munroe.

Dr. Franz von Reber's art histories, the one treating of *Ancient Art*, the other of *Mediæval Art*, are learned yet popular expositions of a department of civilization representing some of the most memorable achievements of men's hands; translated and augmented by Joseph Thacher Clarke. These works, with their illustrations, afford the reader a continuous account of the rise, development, and decline of the various styles and orders down to the Renaissance, with the remains of which the cities of the Old World are filled. Professor Charles Eliot Norton, in the former work, bears testimony to its value in a statement that no compend of information on the subject in any language is so trustworthy and judicious. In the *Mediæval Art* the whole story of the rise of the Romanesque style—from the date of Diocletian's monumental home at Spalato onward to its expansion into what we know as Norman, and its further glorious development into the Gothic of Rouen, Cologne, and English cathedral towns—is narrated with a fulness and a charm of style that are invariably interesting. Among the most curious of the illustrations are those which show the various systems of Gothic, the varying elements and principles of construction being explained. The wide field which is covered by the book is seen in the fact that the famous so-called mill at Newport is not overlooked.

Walter Besant's *Fifty Years Ago* is a picture of life, literature, and manners in the year when Victoria became Queen of England. The thought of doing the work was one of the happiest suggested by the jubilee celebration, and a particular value which must attach to it is that it does not of necessity have a vital relation to that celebration. The celebration comes and goes, but this book need not go. It may be properly regarded as a picture of the times of half a century ago just as if there had been no King William to die unexpectedly without legitimate issue, and no young and innocent Princess Victoria, granddaughter of George III., to receive the unlooked-for distinction of ascending the British throne, and to remain its worthy occupant through a half century destined to be one of the most important in the history of mankind. The times of which Mr. Besant writes were the times which Cruikshank has made so familiar in his earlier drawings; the times which found Carlyle, just settled in his Chelsea home, as the author of a certain *Sartor Resartus* and a certain strange *History of the French Revolution;* which saw some of the great British railways begun but none of them finished; which found a popular resort in Vauxhall Gardens; the times in which Lady Blessington and Count d'Orsay were familiar and leading figures of society, and which knew Benjamin Disraeli only as a young man of fashion and the son of Isaac. No novel Mr. Besant has written, or helped to write, can afford entertainment more profitable or more varied than this record of England in the year 1837.

In former years some of the most noteworthy achievements in biography have been the small monographs in the "English Men of Letters Series," of which Mr. John Morley is the editor. Within the limits of this series, now embracing the careers of thirty-eight great authors, from Chaucer to men of our own era, like Dickens, Thackeray, and Hawthorne, has been gathered the very flower of contemporary literary criticism. Some of these volumes are productions not destined for a day, a year, or a decade, but for long life as valuable contributions not only to knowledge, but to literature itself. There are sketches in this series which stand already apart as superseding all other works written on the same subjects, and which must survive in our libraries for this very reason. It is now ten years since the first volume was issued—the sketch of *Samuel Johnson*, by Leslie Stephen. Among the contributors have been men who were already famous and honored as authors of high rank, for a list would include Professor Huxley, William Black, Anthony Trollope, John Morley, Henry James, James Anthony Froude, Goldwin Smith, Edmund Gosse, Austin Dobson, David Masson, and George Saintsbury. It cannot fail to be a welcome statement to very many readers that the series has now been issued in a more compact form, three of the former volumes being made up as one, making twelve volumes in all. This announcement, in its way, is as interesting as anything previously announced in regard to this series.

What I Remember, Mr. T. Adolphus Trollope's reminiscences, is a valuable record of a literary career not wanting in repute. Born in 1810, Mr. Trollope has known many eminent persons, has seen many lands, including our own as it was in 1828, and has himself done enough in literature to secure for the volume a place of its own among the memoirs of men of letters. It is well worth any man's reading. The humor and the delicate feeling of Mr. Frith's Autobiography place it among the rare books of its kind. Historically, it is especially valuable; for it tells the story of English art for the last half century.

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From "A WAR-TIME WOOING." By Captain CHARLES KING, U. S. A.

On the HARPER list books of travel, exploration, and adventure have always held places of distinction. A year which did not add important volumes to an already extended list would be in its way an off year. Selected from a long list that embraces almost every remote quarter of the world may be taken works that have been, in their time, the talk of all civilized peoples. Here are found Stanley's *Congo*, at present a peculiarly interesting work, as well as its companion, Stanley's *Dark Continent;* Cameron's *Across Africa*, Livingstone's *Expedition to the Zambesi*, Livingstone's *Last Journals*, Du Chaillu's *Land of the Midnight Sun*, Schliemann's *Ilios* and *Troja*, and Dr. Thomson's invaluable work, *The Land and the Book*. Last year was added to the list, among others, Charnay's handsomely printed and profusely illustrated *Ancient Cities of the New World*, in which the Amerian reader learned how rich was his own continent in remains of an interesting and imposing civilization. The lands civilized by the Toltecs should not interest him less than the lands peopled and civilized by Greeks and Trojans, or the lands peopled, though not civilized, by the Masai, the Kroomen, or the Turcomans.

Few of the European lands but are better known than Transylvania, of which Madame Gerard has just written in *The Land Beyond the Forest*. Of Spain, in comparison, our knowledge may be said to be ample, and of Turkey or Russia complete. Doubtless the peculiar physical isolation of Transylvania accounts for much. Certainly its distance does not explain all. Politically it has had an isolation very similar to its isolation as a tourist's land. Known in ancient times as Dacia, it defied for long years the prowess and the ingenuity of the legions of Rome, and for a long period in later ages maintained for itself an independent government until at last called upon to contribute another anomalous factor to that most polyglot of peoples, the people of the Austrian empire. There could scarcely be a land more interesting to the experienced traveller, such is its lack of conventionality, the wild picturesqueness of its beauty, the strange mixture of its races, its remarkable folk-lore, and the curious antiquities to be seen in towns like Hermanstadt and Kronstadt. It is altogether a land apart from the other European lands. Around its borders are lofty mountains capped with snow and heavily wooded, in the gloomy gorges of which are haunts of hungry wolves, and from the rocky heights of which looks forth the lynx or leaps the wild, free chamois. Madame Gerard has made a singularly entertaining account of this land beyond the forest, in which she lived with her husband, an Austrian cavalry commander, for two years. She writes with spirit and intelligence, and has the great quality of knowing how to be interesting. Her pages are profusely illustrated.

If Transylvania be the least known of European lands, the regions described by William Eleroy Curtis, in his *Capitals of Spanish America*, may be said to have been a few years ago the least known of American—speaking, that is, for European readers. Even in the northern half of the American continent strange ignorance about them has prevailed, when we consider the natural causes that exist for closer relations. But of late years our interest has been more thoroughly aroused in Spanish America. Mr. Curtis was formerly a commissioner from this country to the governments of these lands, and thus acquired in the discharge of his duties a valuable store of information. He has been able, therefore, to write for a popular audience, and yet to do more than describe external features. His opportunities were certainly ample, and the thousands of readers already attracted to his book are the best evidence of the interest with which he has placed the facts in orderly and intelligent array. The volume is published in very handsome form. It reminds one in its outward features of Stanley's *Congo*. The type is large and open, and the illustrations, which range from full-page engravings to small cuts in the text, are more than 350 in number. From the marvellous scenery of Guatemala, with its picturesque ruins at Antigua, its towering volcanoes, volcanic lakes, magnificent mountain-road to the elevated capital; from the coffee-fields of San José and the vegetable ivory plants of Colombia; from the shores and forests of Venezuela, not unknown to the ancient race of buccaneers, and thence on southward to the landing-place of Pizarro, to old Inca trails, to the ruins of extinct civilizations, towering Andean gate-ways, nitrate towns, Robinson Crusoe's island, modern, busy Buenos Ayres, imperial Rio, and even to Patagonian scenes and the rude, primitive men of Terra del Fuego, the reader is conducted with intelligence and appreciation and an interest that never tires.

The writings of that vigilant and earnest Russian who permits us to know him only as Stepniak, a son of the Steppes, have had this year an important addition to their former total. *The Russian Peasantry; their Agrarian Condition, Social Life, and Religion*, deals not with that militant Russian class of educated men whom we have been accustomed to call Nihilists; not with the vast and terrible system of prisons which exists in Russia; not with the horrors of dungeons, the cruelty of police, or the terrible enthusiasm and despair of students; but with that far larger, that far more vital and important class of beings who make up the toiling, patient, common multitude without whom the mighty Czar of the North and all his police system and prison system and military system would become very speedily poor, helpless things, with a ruler that had not a people to rule. It is obvious that such a theme, handled by a mind possessed of the literary culture, the mental grasp, and the glowing patriotism of Stepniak, must become impressive and full of worth for every student of the times in which he lives. The author has drawn a picture which for picturesque wrongs, utter hopelessness of ambition, smiling mockery of pretended benefits conferred, must appall the calmest reader. In its way this picture is vastly sadder than any other that Stepniak has drawn, for it relates to a patient, industrious, and faithful people whose numbers are the largest that any Russian class can boast.

The importance acquired by Mr. Charles Nordhoff's former writings on the value of California as a place of residence and a resort for health and pleasure, gives at once an interest to his new volume, *Peninsular California*. This territory, it will be understood, is that part of the California district which still remains Mexican, and which extends southward from California proper to Cape St. Lucas, which lies just south of the tropic of Cancer. It is a region scantily peopled, and to a considerable extent it remains unexplored. Mr. Nordhoff had heard favorable reports of its fitness for purposes of agriculture, of its fine climate, and of the sufficiency of its water supply, when, seven years ago, he made a journey through the upper part of it, and had these reports "abundantly confirmed." In the summer of 1887 he made a second visit, buying a small tract of land as a result of his renewed faith. This northern half, he says, is essentially a part of our own Southern California, and he believes that some day it will be found as fruitful and as valuable. Within the present volume he has collected a useful array of facts and statistics as to soil, climate, titles, rainfall, timber, and the Mexican tariff. The work is handsomely printed, and contains a number of large-size illustrations.

Shoshone and Other Western Wonders, by Edwards Roberts, with a preface by Charles Francis Adams, is an unconventional description of a tour from the foot of Pike's Peak through the Colorado mountains and desert lands to Great Salt Lake, the Falls of Shoshone (that worthy rival of Niagara), the Idaho lava beds, and the Yellowstone. Mr. Adams observes that few people are to be met who have seen Shoshone Falls, and yet to him they are incomparably more attractive than Niagara, and, except in volume of water, more wonderful and interesting. Mr. Roberts writes from full knowledge and with much intelligence.

As disclosing another region about which all too little is known, Mrs. Craik's (Miss Mulock's) volume of last year, *An Unknown Country*, may be named here with *Shoshone*. The North of Ireland was her camping ground, and her account is very pleasant and beneficial reading. A special interest that lies in the book is the fact of its first publication very close to the time of her death.

Those renowned "Boy Travellers" whom we know as Frank and Fred, and who are verily the most experienced of all the younger generation of globe-trotters, make their way this year with Colonel Knox to the far-off lands of Australasia. Never did boys go farther and see more that was worth seeing than these lucky fellows. One might think that evidences of age would now show themselves all too conspicuously, that at least the signs of the *blasé* wanderer would crop out in Frank and Fred. But not so. Age cannot wither, nor custom stale, their infinite capacities for enjoyment. They are ever the same fresh, youthful, buoyant boys, eager for new lands to explore, new experiences to undergo. Last year these lads, who have seen pretty much all the rest of the habitable globe, explored the Congo, the Colonel having obtained for them the needed assistance from the explorer Stanley. The year before, they journeyed across the great Russian plains, saw the Kremlin, the big bell of Moscow, the Czar's town and country houses, and acquired more or less familiarity with nihilism, dynamite, and caviare. This is the Australian centennial year, and three millions of people are giving the anniversary its fitting observance. Frank and Fred were wise to choose such a land and such a year for their tour, and happy will be every boy who makes himself acquainted with their record of the trip. Colonel Knox believes they are the first Americans to send forth an illustrated book on Australia and her neighboring colonies, New Zealand and Tasmania. But these are not the only Australasian lands to which they journeyed. Many were the islands whose shores they visited, from Hawaii to Tahiti, from Feejee to Upolu, seeing on their way many strange and startling sights, including the atoll and other works of the coral builders, tattooed warriors and tattooed princesses, Polynesian idols, the wonders of the Hot Lake district of New Zealand, the pestiferous kangaroo on his native heath, beautiful farm lands, noble modern buildings, and the picturesque Australian aborigines.

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From "THE HOUSEHOLD OF GLEN HOLLY." By LUCY C. LILLIE.

Charles Carleton Coffin's historical writings for the younger generation have come down to times almost within the recollections of those readers. Having got well into the war of the Rebellion, he has now reached times of which the boys of to-day already possess vivid impressions, for of all these things their fathers at least have told them. Indeed, the echoes of that strife have not so completely died away that the boys of this time may be said to be without some personal knowledge of their own. From *The Boys of '76*, Mr. Coffin proceeded to illustrate from the larger field of modern history, *The Story of Liberty;* he then drew a successful picture of *Old Times in the Colonies;* then went forward to *Building the Nation*, and finally last year to the *Drum-beat of the Nation*, dealing in the latter with the stirring and fateful times from the outbreak of war to the close of the year 1862. In his new volume, *Marching to Victory*, he takes up the second period of the fratricidal conflict, embracing the year 1863. Herein are included momentous crises and memorable victories for the North. Grant in the southwest, and especially at Vicksburg, Hooker at Chancellorsville, Meade and Hancock and Sickles at Gettysburg, the draft riots in New York, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, and Lookout Mountain are among the events of that impressive twelvemonth. Tennessee was then lost to the Confederacy; likewise Louisiana. States west of the Mississippi were isolated. Steam-boats again made their way in peace from St. Louis to New Orleans, grass was growing in the deserted streets of Charleston. Mr. Coffin's narrative is profusely illustrated with scenes from those stormy times. Mostly contemporary in their designs, they for this reason possess a curious and, for our day, an unusual interest. Numerous maps assist the reader in following the campaigns intelligently.

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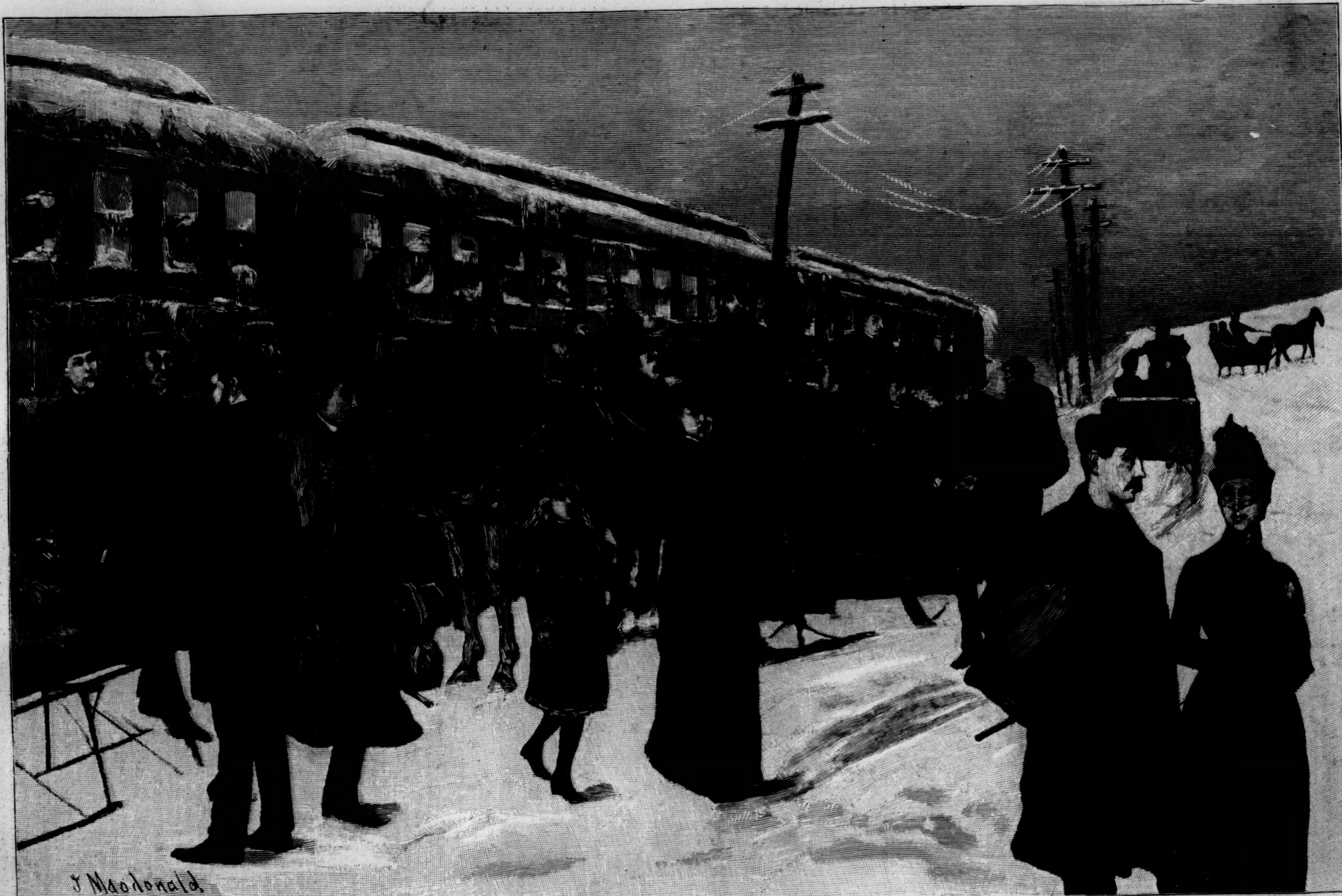
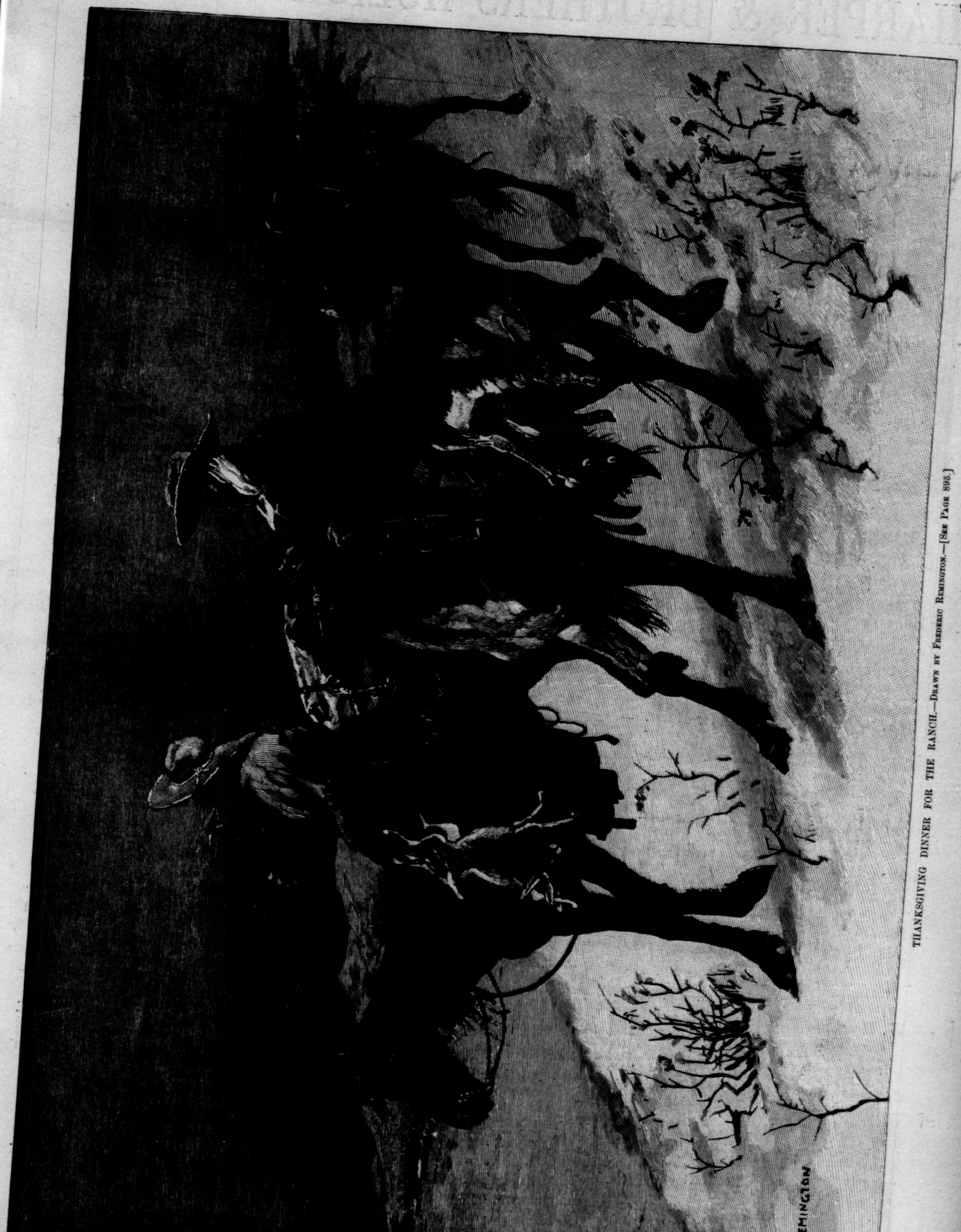
From "MR. ABSALOM BILLINGSLEA, AND OTHER GEORGIA FOLK." By R. M. JOHNSTON.


J Macdonald

A SNOW BLOCKADE ON THE CANADIAN BORDER.—Drawn by J. Macdonald.—[See Page 895.]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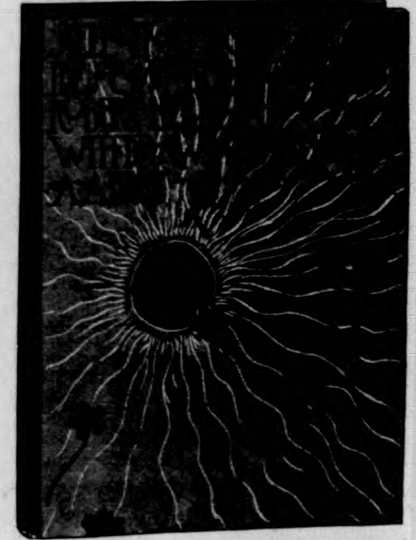

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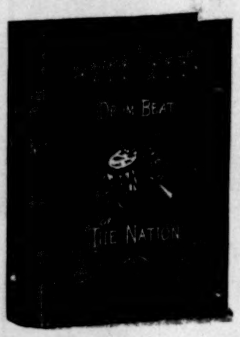

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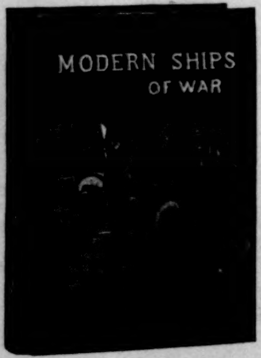

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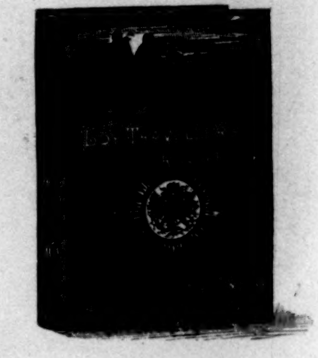

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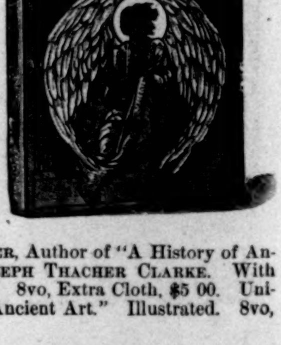

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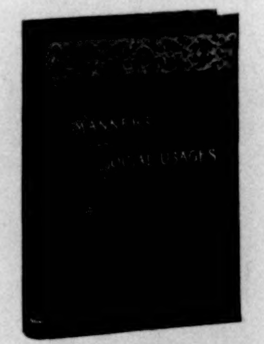

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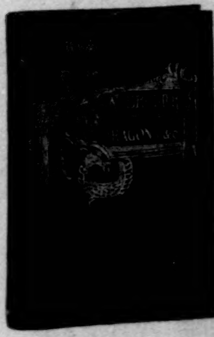

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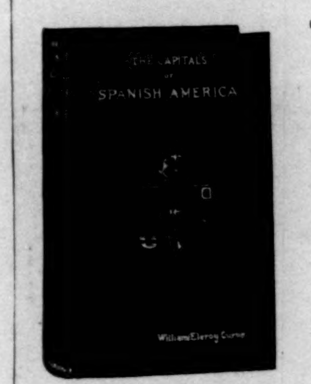

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